A FAWCETT PUBLICATION

AMERICA'S GREATEST COMICS

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To help us maintain high standards of wholesome entertainment in our comics publications, we have enlisted the aid of the distinguished individuals whose names are given above.

Fawcett Publications, Inc., is happy to have the co-operation of these advisors whose names are known to every parent and child. I am sure that our readers will profit by the connection of Mrs. Roosevelt, Admiral Byrd, Dr. Dafoe and Father Tynan with this magazine.

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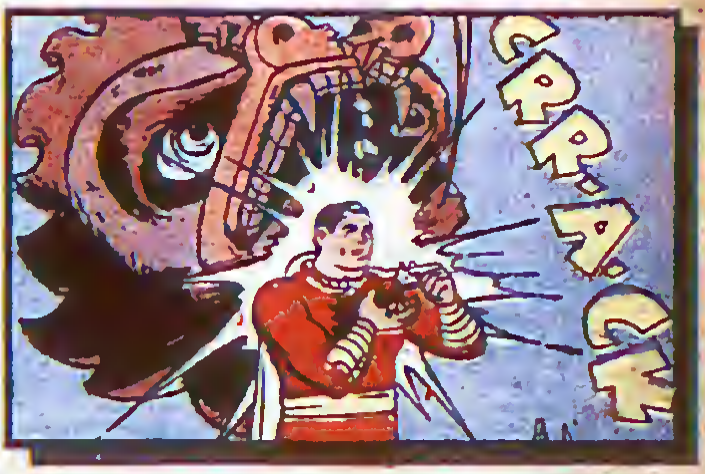
AMERICA'S GREATEST COMICS GIVES YOU... SIX GREAT PICTURE TALES!



Astounding! . . . Colorful! . . . Incredible! . . .

CAPTAIN MARVEL in the Mystery of *"Jingle Jangle Jungle"* . . . . . PAGE 4
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MINUTE MAN Rocks Up the War Bond Drive! . . PAGE 67
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PLUS . . . BAYOU TURKEY . . . Powerful Short Story PAGE 64

JOIN THE ARMY OF AMERICAN "MINUTE MEN"!
KEEP PITCHING WITH WAR STAMPS AND BONDS!

February 17, 1942. Vol. 1, No. 8

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Captain and the mystery of Jingle Jangle Jungle

ALL THE POWERS OF THE GREATEST MEN IN THE HISTORY OF THE WORLD HAVE BEEN PLACED IN THE HANDS OF THE BOY RADIO REPORTER, BILLY BATSON. WHEN HE PRONOUNCES THE NAME OF THE ANCIENT WIZARD - SHAZAM - HE BECOMES IN A BLINDING FLASH OF LIGHTNING THE WORLD'S MIGHTIEST MORTAL, CAPT. MARVEL!

MARVEL

LEGENDS ARE FASCINATING, AREN'T THEY FOLKS? THINK OF WHITE INDIANS...OF MISSING SAILING VESSELS.. OF A MYSTEROUS MAGNETIC MOUNTAIN... OF A LOST ISLAND AND ITS HUGE STONE FACES... OF A VANISHED RACE OF FLYING MEN! WELL, ON THIS PARTICULAR ADVENTURE, CAPT. MARVEL RAN INTO ALL FIVE OF THOSE LEGENDS AT ONCE - WITH AMUSING, AMAZING, AND ASTOUNDING RESULTS!
WHIZ

ONE OF THE MANY SERVICES BILLY BATSON PERFORMS FOR HIS RADIO AUDIENCE IS THE MISSING PERSONS BROADCAST.

—AND LAST PROFESSOR AMOS MEADE, FAMOUS EXPLORER, MISSING FOR SIX MONTHS, HEIGHT 5 FEET, SIX INCHES— WEIGHT 150 POUNDS— BLUE EYES, GRAY HAIR. WAS LAST SEEN SAILING ON THE SHIP **DISCOVERY** IN THE SOUTH ATLANTIC, ON EXPLORATION. ANY INFORMATION REGARDING THESE MISSING-PERSONS SHOULD BE SENT IMMEDIATELY TO STATION **WHIZ**. GOOD NIGHT, FOLKS.

SOB

YOU SEE... SOB... I'M DELIA MEADE, THE DAUGHTER OF PROFESSOR AMOS MEADE, THE MISSING EXPLORER. SOB... NOT A WORD HAS BEEN HEARD OF HIS SHIP THE **DISCOVERY**, FOR SIX MONTHS... SOB.

POOR CHILD! UNDOUBTEDLY AN AXIS SUB... ER...

NO, MR. MORRIS! I'M SURE IT WASN'T SUNK BY AN AXIS SUB! IT WAS ONLY AN OLD SAILING BOAT, AND IT WENT SOUTH INTO UNCHARTED WATERS! AND I HAVE A FEELING— MY FATHER IS STILL ALIVE... **SOMEWHERE!** BUT IN **DEEP TROUBLE!**

MMM— SOUNDS LIKE ONLY ONE PERSON COULD SETTLE THIS MYSTERY!

I'M GOING TO SEARCH FOR MY FATHER! I'VE CHARTERED A BOAT. I'M SAILING TOMORROW MORNING!

SUPPOSE STEAMBOAT AND I HELP YOU, MISS MEADE? WE'LL MEET YOU AT THE DOCK TOMORROW.

WE IS POWAHFUL GOOD **EXPLORATIONIZERS!**

I'LL TELL YOU WHY I'M GOING, MR. MORRIS! FOR CENTURIES, HUNDREDS OF SHIPS HAVE VANISHED DOWN HERE, AND WERE NEVER HEARD OF AGAIN. MAYBE I CAN SOLVE THE MYSTERY OF ALL THOSE MISSING SHIPS!

GO AHEAD, BILLY! JUST BRING BACK A GOOD ADVENTURE BROADCAST FOR OUR LISTENERS!

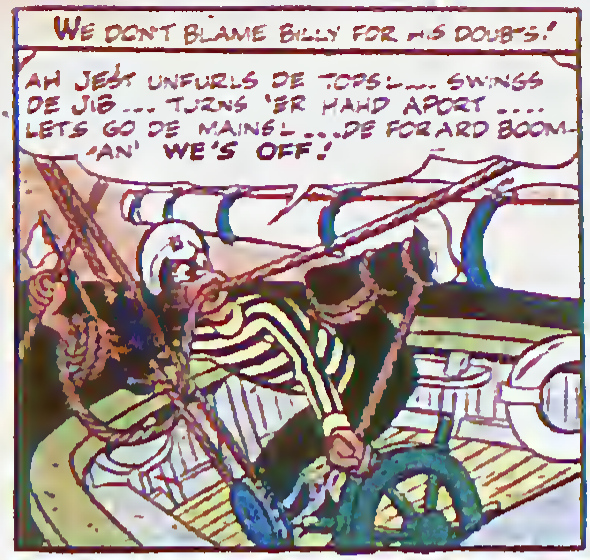
SOUTH AMERICA

AND THUS, THE NEXT DAWN, BEGINS A TRIP OF MYSTERY AND ADVENTURE!

AHOY! ...LY AND STEAMBOAT! DO WE NEED A CREW?

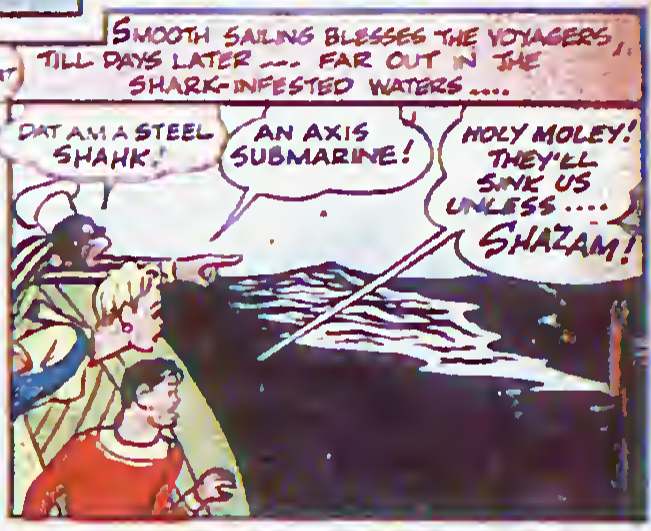
SHUCKS! AHS CREW ENOUGH, AHS AN OL' TAR FROM TAMPA AH IS!

STEAMBOAT! ARE YOU SURE?


WE DON'T BLAME BILLY FOR HIS DOUBTS!
AH JEST UNFURLS DE TOPS'L.... SWINGS DE JIB... TURNS 'ER HARD APORT.... LETS GO DE MAINS'L...DE FORARD BOOM-'AN' WE'S OFF!

--YES-- BUT IN CIRCLES!.
STUB MAH TOE! AH MUSTA DONE SUMP'N WRONG, MAYBE!

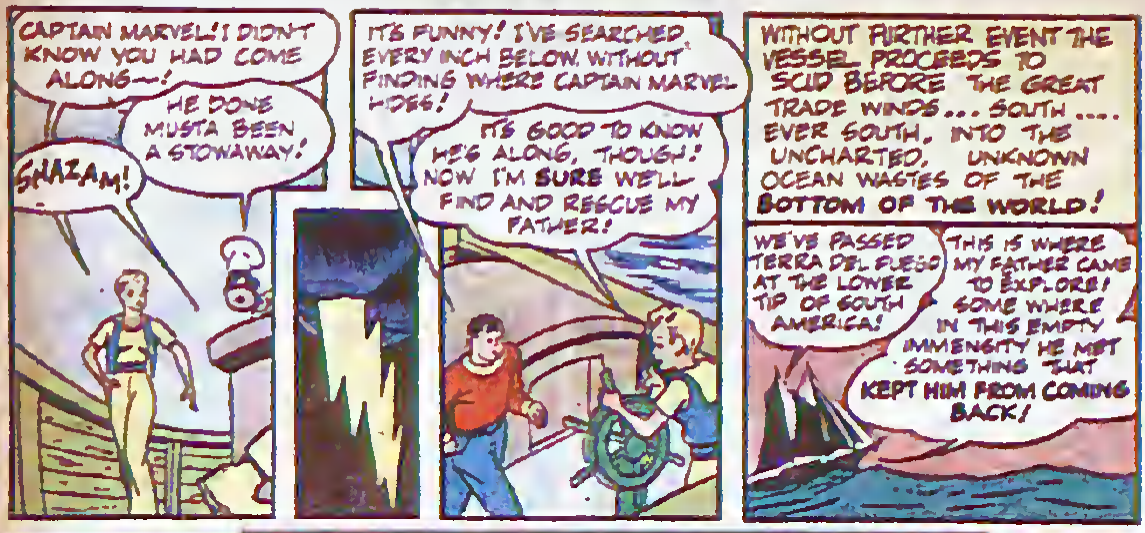
I CAN HANDLE THE SHIP. I'VE HAD PLENTY OF SAILING LESSONS.
AS A SAILOR, STEAMBOAT YOU'RE A GOOD COOK! GET BELOW AND UNFURL US SOME FLAPJACKS!
AYE, SIR!

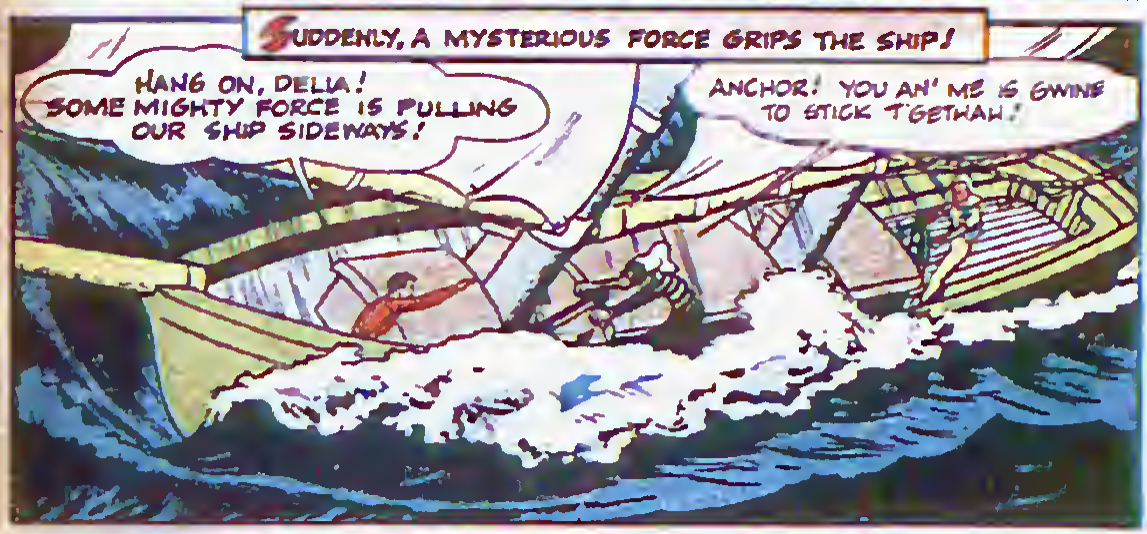

SMOOTH SAILING BLESSES THE VOYAGERS, TILL DAYS LATER.... FAR OUT IN THE SHARK-INFESTED WATERS....
DAT AM A STEEL SHAHK!
AN AXIS SUBMARINE!
HOLY MOLEY! THEY'LL SINK US UNLESS.... SHAZAM!

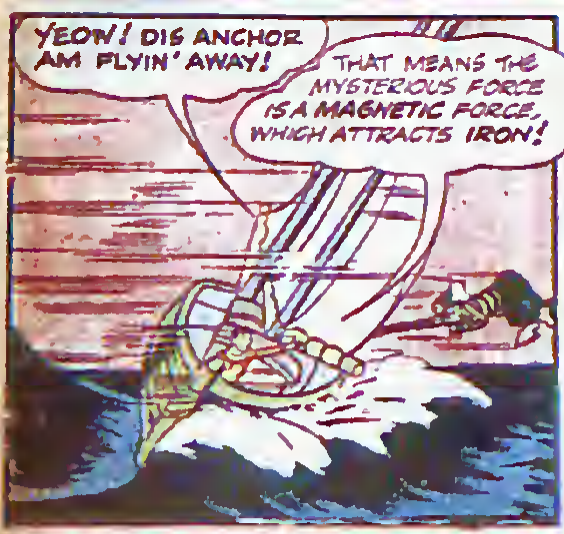
AGAINST THE MANIFOLD PERILS OF HIS ADVENTUROUS LIFE, BILLY ALWAYS CALLS UPON HIS MIGHTY ALTER-EGO. THE GREAT... THE ONE AND ONLY... CAPTAIN MARVEL!
BOOM!

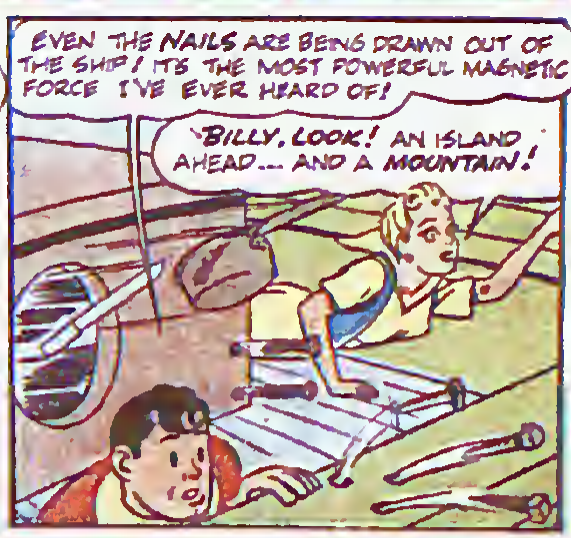
AHOY! VOT SHIP? WHO'S DER CAPTINK?
CAPTAIN MARVEL!

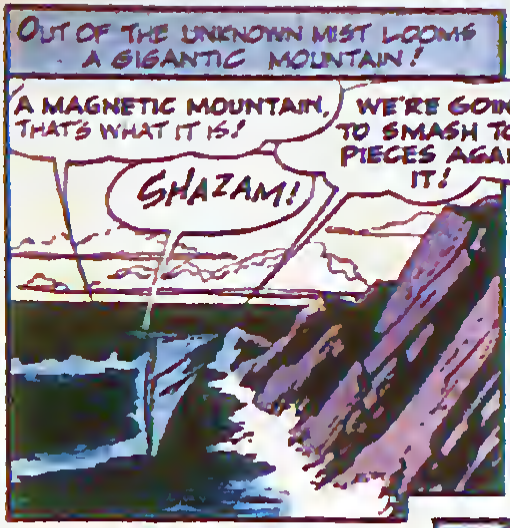
CAPTAIN MARVEL!!??
CRASH DIVE! FULL SHPEED AWAY! UND DON'T SHTOP TILL VE GET BACK TO HAMBURG!
THUS IS THE NAME OF MIGHTY CAPTAIN MARVEL FEARED BY THE SLINKING COWARDS OF THE AXIS!

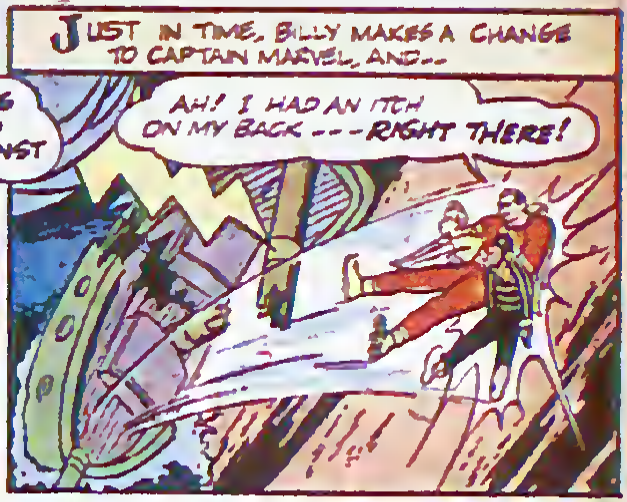

CAPTAIN MARVEL! I DIDN'T KNOW YOU HAD COME ALONG—!
HE DONE MUSTA BEEN A STOWAWAY!
SHAZAM!
IT'S FUNNY! I'VE SEARCHED EVERY INCH BELOW, WITHOUT FINDING WHERE CAPTAIN MARVEL HIDES!
IT'S GOOD TO KNOW HE'S ALONG, THOUGH! NOW I'M SURE WE'LL FIND AND RESCUE MY FATHER!
WITHOUT FURTHER EVENT THE VESSEL PROCEEDS TO SCUD BEFORE THE GREAT TRADE WINDS... SOUTH .... EVER SOUTH, INTO THE UNCHARTED, UNKNOWN OCEAN WASTES OF THE BOTTOM OF THE WORLD!
WE'VE PASSED TERRA DEL FUEGO AT THE LOWER TIP OF SOUTH AMERICA!
THIS IS WHERE MY FATHER CAME TO EXPLORE! SOMEWHERE IN THIS EMPTY IMMENSITY HE MET SOMETHING THAT KEPT HIM FROM COMING BACK!


SUDDENLY, A MYSTERIOUS FORCE GRIPS THE SHIP!
HANG ON, DELIA! SOME MIGHTY FORCE IS PULLING OUR SHIP SIDEWAYS!
ANCHOR! YOU AN' ME IS GWINE TO STICK T'GETHAH!

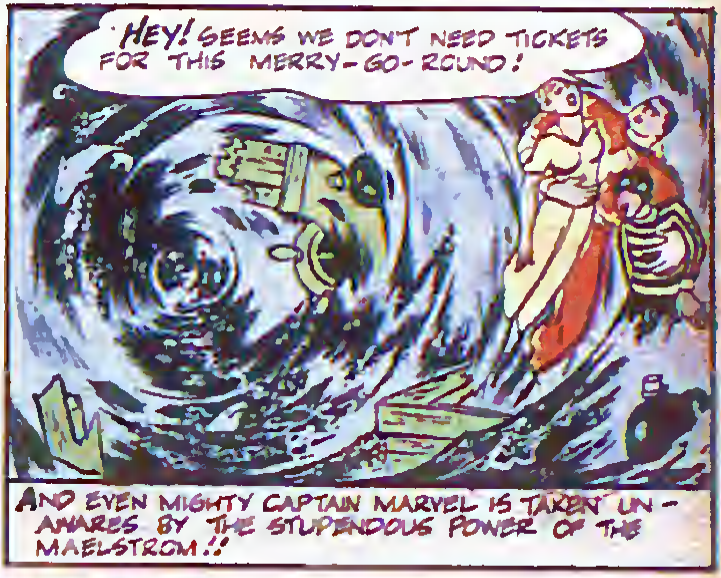

YEOW! DIS ANCHOR AM FLYIN' AWAY!
THAT MEANS THE MYSTERIOUS FORCE IS A MAGNETIC FORCE, WHICH ATTRACTS IRON!


EVEN THE NAILS ARE BEING DRAWN OUT OF THE SHIP! IT'S THE MOST POWERFUL MAGNETIC FORCE I'VE EVER HEARD OF!
BILLY, LOOK! AN ISLAND AHEAD... AND A MOUNTAIN!

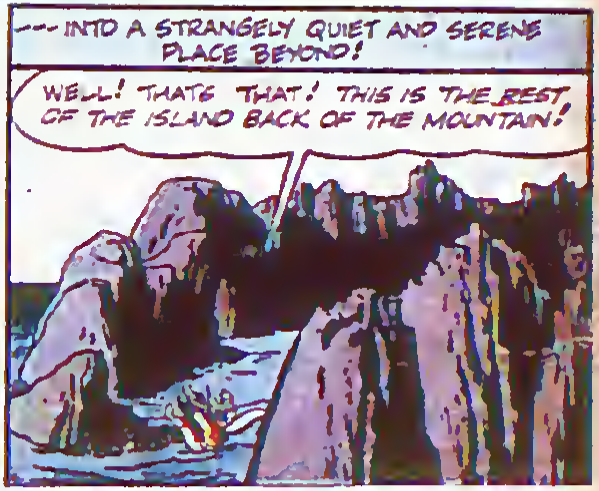

OUT OF THE UNKNOWN MIST LOOMS A GIGANTIC MOUNTAIN!
A MAGNETIC MOUNTAIN, THAT'S WHAT IT IS!
WE'RE GOING TO SMASH TO PIECES AGAINST IT!
SHAZAM!


JUST IN TIME, BILLY MAKES A CHANGE TO CAPTAIN MARVEL, AND--
AH! I HAD AN ITCH ON MY BACK ---RIGHT THERE!

BUT MARVEL REBOUNDS INTO THE WATER AND---
WELL, I'LL BE--? NOW A WHIRLPOOL!

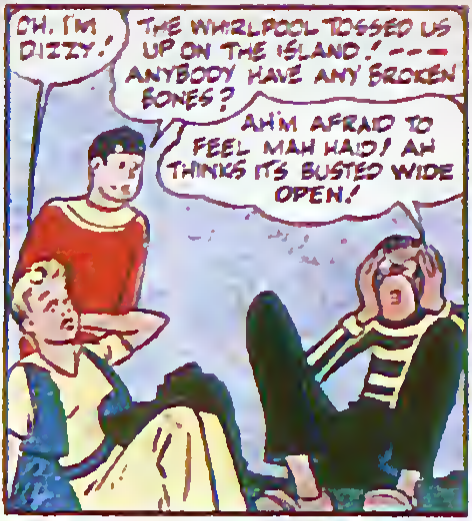

HEY! SEEMS WE DON'T NEED TICKETS FOR THIS MERRY-GO-ROUND!
AND EVEN MIGHTY CAPTAIN MARVEL IS TAKEN UNAWARES BY THE STUPENDOUS POWER OF THE MAELSTROM!!

AND NOW WHERE ???
THE WHIRLPOOL SUDDENLY HURLS THEM INTO A CLEFT IN THE MAGNETIC MOUNTAIN


---INTO A STRANGELY QUIET AND SERENE PLACE BEYOND!
WELL! THAT'S THAT! THIS IS THE REST OF THE ISLAND BACK OF THE MOUNTAIN!

OUT COLD BOTH OF THEM! BUT I THINK THEY'LL COME TO IN A MOMENT. MEANWHILE, SHAZAM!

KLUMBOOM


OH, I'M DIZZY!
THE WHIRLPOOL TOSSED US UP ON THE ISLAND! --- ANYBODY HAVE ANY BROKEN BONES?
AH'M AFRAID TO FEEL MAH HAID! AH THINKS ITS BUSTED WIDE OPEN!

GHASTLY SIGHT GREETS THEM AS THEY LOOK ABOUT ....
THIS EXPLAINS ALL THE MISSING SHIPS OF THE ATLANTIC! WRECKED BY THE MAGNETIC MOUNTAIN!
OH! I SEE SOMETHING HERE..!

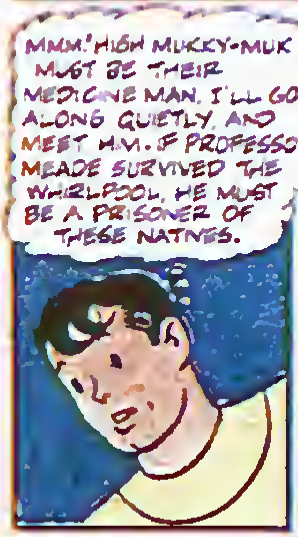
THE DISCOVERY !..MY FATHER'S SHIP! HE WAS WRECKED HERE! DO YOU SUP... SUPPOSE HE SURVIVED, LIKE WE DID?
IF HE DID, HE'S ON THE ISLAND SOMEWHERE!
DISCO

LOOK AT THE BIG STONE HEADS!
LIKE EASTER ISLAND RELICS!
MAROONED! DAT'S WHUT WE IS! AH IS CONVINCED DIS PLACE AM UNINHABITATORIZED!

IN PLAIN WORDS, WE IS ALONE!.... ULP! ON SECON' THOUGHT MAYBE WE ISN'T!
UGH! RIGHT SECOND TIME!

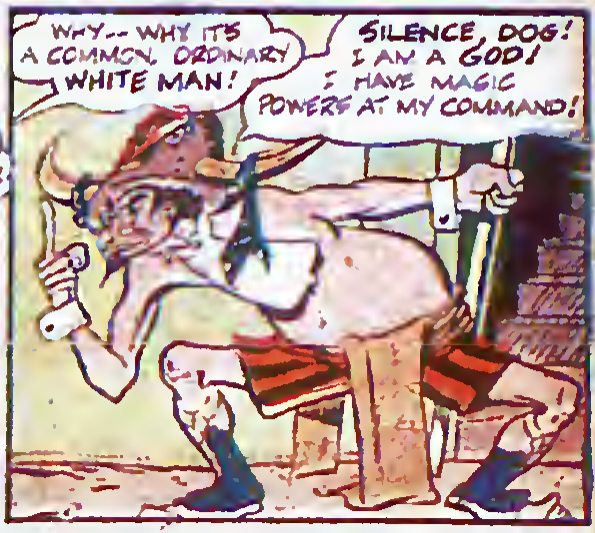
FIERCE NATIVES TAKE THEM CAPTIVE!
WHITE INDIANS! ANOTHER LEGEND COME TRUE! AND THEY'VE BEEN SALVAGING STUFF FROM THE WRECKED SHIPS FOR CENTURIES!
YOU COME QUIET, STRANGERS! TAKUM TO HIGH MUKKY-MUK!

COME! NO. FAR THROUGH JINGLE, JANGLE, JUNGLE!


MMM! HIGH MUKKY-MUK MUST BE THEIR MEDICINE MAN. I'LL GO ALONG QUIETLY, AND MEET HIM. IF PROFESSOR MEADE SURVIVED THE WHIRLPOOL, HE MUST BE A PRISONER OF THESE NATIVES.

A WEIRD TREK THROUGH THE RUINS OF AN ANCIENT, FORGOTTEN CIVILIZATION AND THEN, IN THE CENTER OF THE ISLAND....
THEIR VILLAGE! THEY'RE JUST PLAIN SAVAGES, I'M AFRAID!

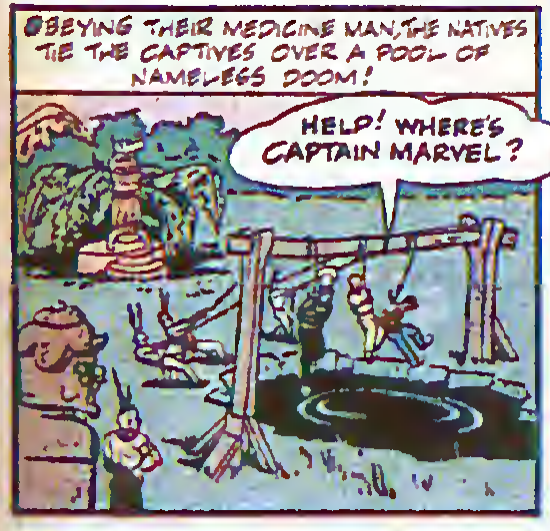
THE LATEST CAPTIVES ARE BROUGHT BEFORE A QUEER STRUCTURE.
O MOST HIGH MUKKY-MUK! COME OUT! SEE NEW CAPTIVES!
I SUPPOSE THIS MEDICINE MAN IS THE WORST SAVAGE OF ALL!


WHY-- WHY IT'S A COMMON, ORDINARY WHITE MAN!
SILENCE, DOG! I AM A GOD! I HAVE MAGIC POWERS AT MY COMMAND!

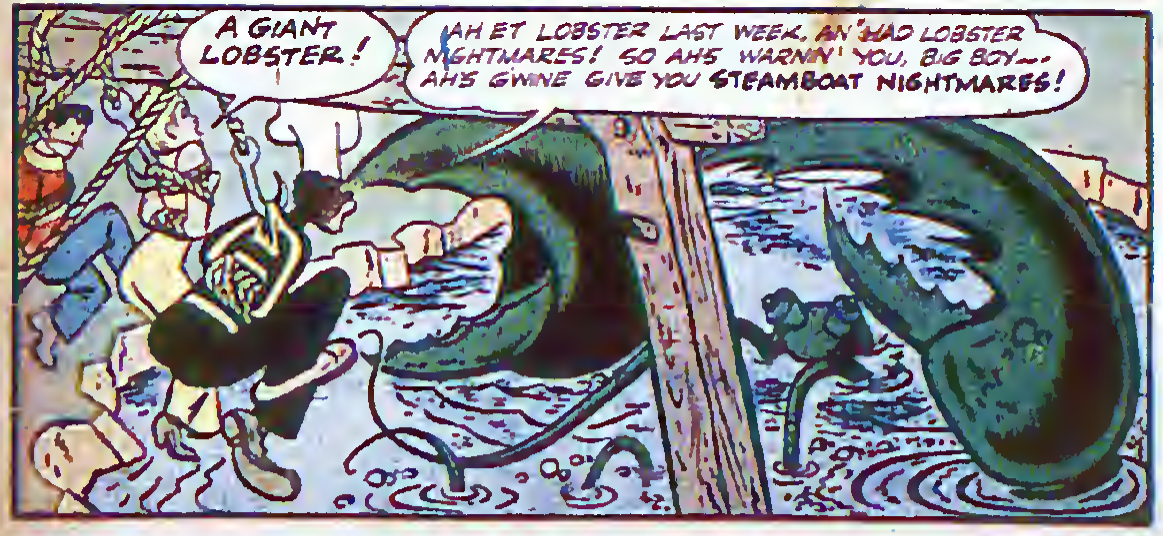
FAKE! DON'T TRY TO KID US. YOU'RE JUST SOME SHIP-WRECKED SURVIVOR WORKING THE 'HIGH MUKKY-MUK' RACKET!
I SEE I'M GOING TO HAVE TROUBLE WITH YOU. ALL RIGHT, YOU SMART LITTLE BRAT, I'LL FIX YOUR CLOCK!

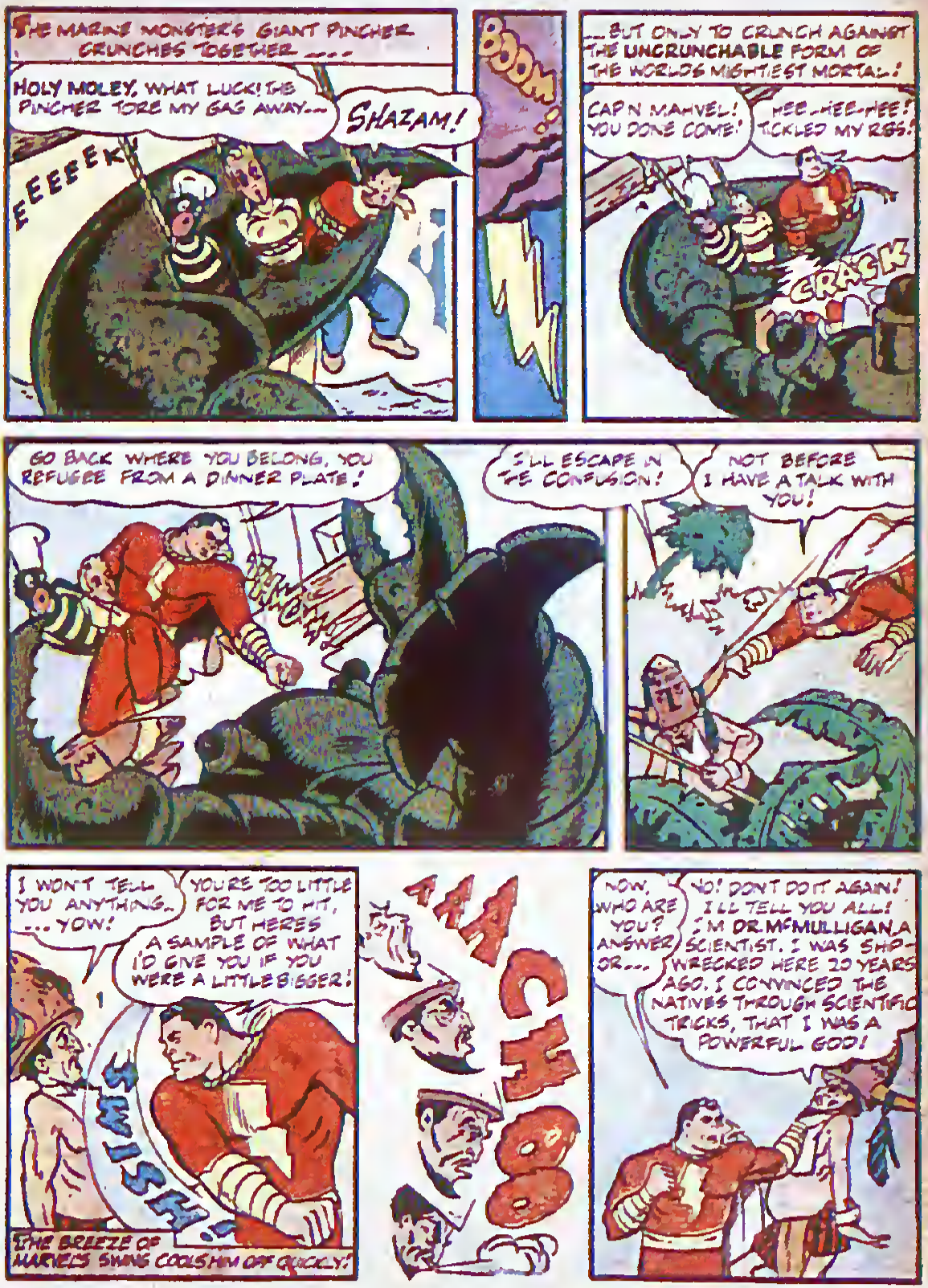
I'LL CLOSE YOUR SAGGY MOUTH---THERE!
SHAZ...MMFF!

TO THE SACRIFICE POOL WITH THESE UNBELIEVERS!
MMMFFF! MMM!
OH! LET ME GO!

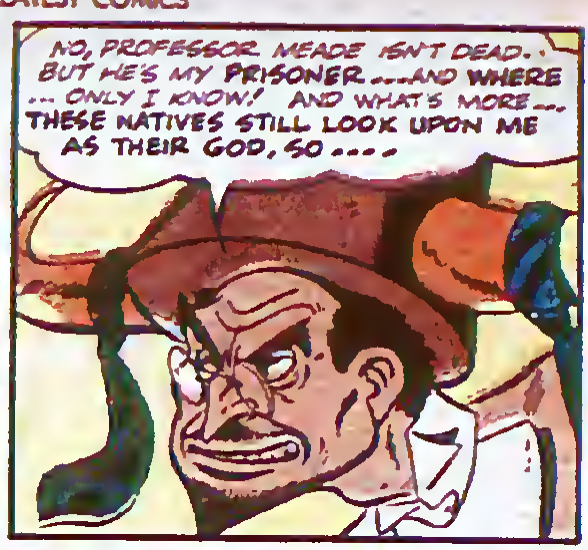

OBEYING THEIR MEDICINE MAN, THE NATIVES TIE THE CAPTIVES OVER A POOL OF NAMELESS DOOM!
HELP! WHERE'S CAPTAIN MARVEL?

ARISE, WATER GOD! THREE DELICIOUS TOBITS AWAIT YOU! HEH! HEH!
WHAT HORRIBLE THING IS COMING UP?

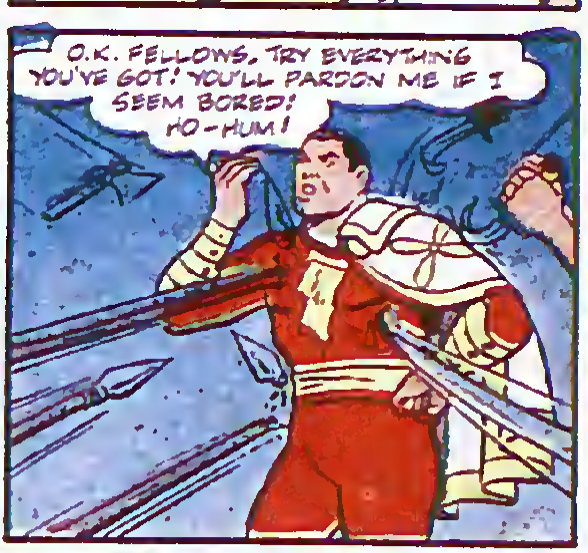

A GIANT LOBSTER!
AH ET LOBSTER LAST WEEK, AN' HAD LOBSTER NIGHTMARES! SO AH'S WARNIN' YOU, BIG BOY... AH'S GWINE GIVE YOU STEAMBOAT NIGHTMARES!


THE MARINE MONSTER'S GIANT PINCHER CRUNCHES TOGETHER ....
HOLY MOLEY, WHAT LUCK! THE PINCHER TORE MY GAG AWAY...
SHAZAM!
EEEEEK
BOOM!
...BUT ONLY TO CRUNCH AGAINST THE UNCRUNCHABLE FORM OF THE WORLD'S MIGHTIEST MORTAL!
CAP'N MAHVEL! YOU DONE COME!
HEE-HEE-HEE! TICKLED MY RIBS!
CRACK
GO BACK WHERE YOU BELONG, YOU REFUGEE FROM A DINNER PLATE!
I'LL ESCAPE IN THE CONFUSION!
NOT BEFORE I HAVE A TALK WITH YOU!
I WON'T TELL YOU ANYTHING... ...YOW!
YOU'RE TOO LITTLE FOR ME TO HIT, BUT HERE'S A SAMPLE OF WHAT I'D GIVE YOU IF YOU WERE A LITTLE BIGGER!
SWISH!
THE BREEZE OF MARVEL'S SWING COOLS HIM OFF QUICKLY!
AAACHOO
NOW, WHO ARE YOU? ANSWER OR...
NO! DON'T DO IT AGAIN! I'LL TELL YOU ALL! I'M DR. McMULLIGAN, A SCIENTIST. I WAS SHIPWRECKED HERE 20 YEARS AGO. I CONVINCED THE NATIVES THROUGH SCIENTIFIC TRICKS, THAT I WAS A POWERFUL GOD!

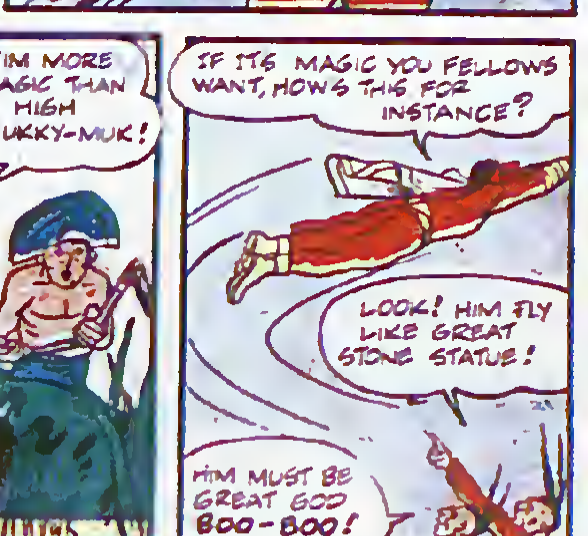
YOU PLAYED GOD FOR 20 YEARS. YOU HATE TO LET GO OF A GOOD THING LIKE THAT, SO ANYBODY THAT TRIES TO EXPOSE YOU GETS THE LOBSTER ROUTINE, EH? IS THAT WHAT HAPPENED TO PROFESSOR AMOS MEADE?
AHA! I HAVE YOU NOW!
OH! MY FATHER!


NO, PROFESSOR MEADE ISN'T DEAD.. BUT HE'S MY PRISONER....AND WHERE ... ONLY I KNOW! AND WHAT'S MORE... THESE NATIVES STILL LOOK UPON ME AS THEIR GOD, SO....

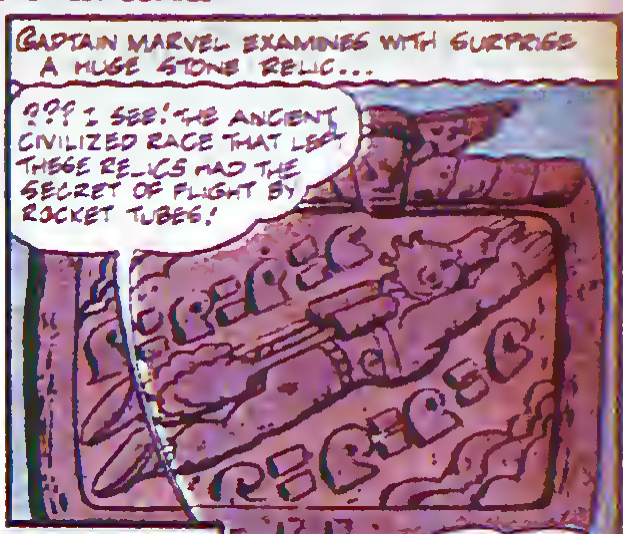
OH MY PEOPLE! HACK THIS RED IDIOT TO SHREDS!


O.K. FELLOWS, TRY EVERYTHING YOU'VE GOT! YOU'LL PARDON ME IF I SEEM BORED! HO-HUM!

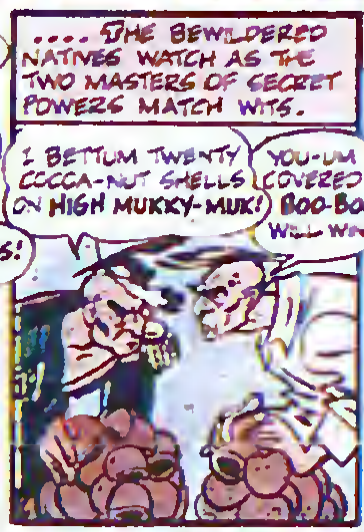
HIM TOUGH LIKE ROCK!
HIM MORE MAGIC THAN HIGH MUKKY-MUK!


IF ITS MAGIC YOU FELLOWS WANT, HOW'S THIS FOR INSTANCE?
LOOK! HIM FLY LIKE GREAT STONE STATUE!
HIM MUST BE GREAT GOD BOO-BOO!

WHAT'S THIS BOO-BOO BUSINESS NOW?
COME! ME SHOW PICTURE OF YOU!

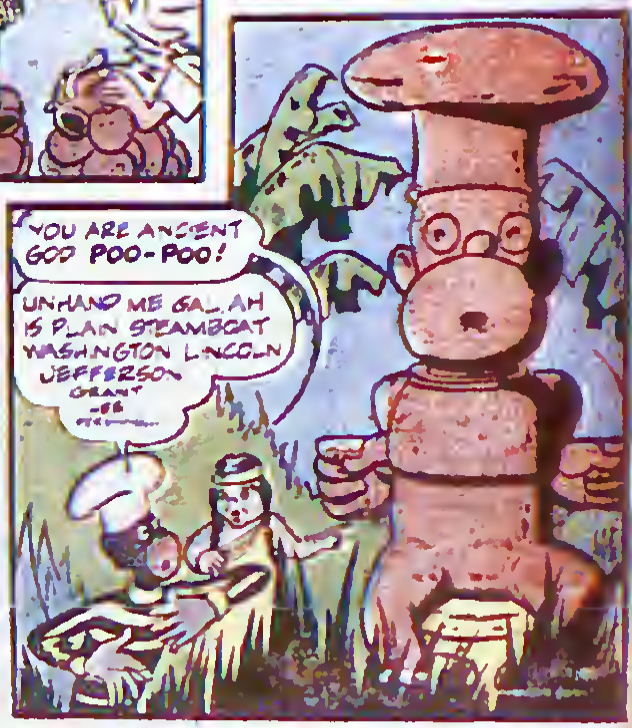

CAPTAIN MARVEL EXAMINES WITH SURPRISE A HUGE STONE RELIC...
??? I SEE! THE ANCIENT CIVILIZED RACE THAT LEFT THESE RELICS HAD THE SECRET OF FLIGHT BY ROCKET TUBES!

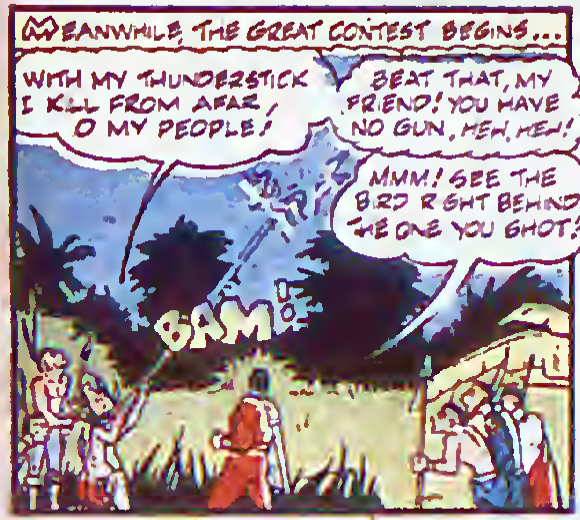
LOOKS LIKE WE'RE COMPETITORS FOR THE SAME JOB, MCMULLIGAN!
CHISELER! YOU WON'T MUSCLE ME OUT! YOU'RE LONG ON BRAWN, BUT SHORT ON BRAINS! I CHALLENGE YOU TO A CONTEST OF MAGIC TRICKS!

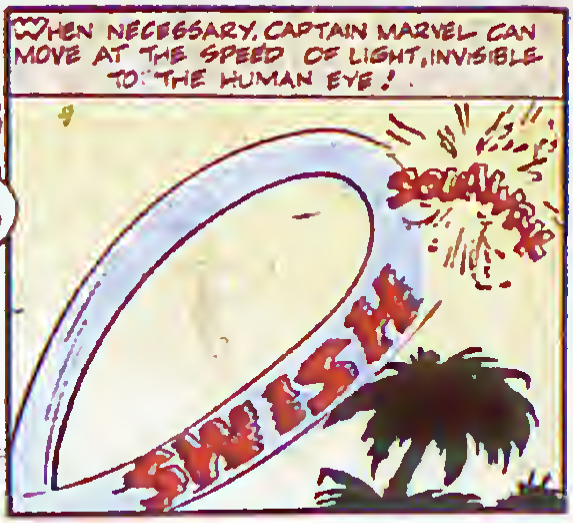

.... THE BEWILDERED NATIVES WATCH AS THE TWO MASTERS OF SECRET POWERS MATCH WITS.
I BETTUM TWENTY COCCA-NUT SHELLS ON HIGH MUKKY-MUK!
YOU-UM COVERED! BOO-BOO WILL WIN!

HIM BOO-BOO! YOU HIM!

CAPTAIN MARVEL MUST WIN! ONLY THEN WILL HE BE ABLE TO FORCE OR MCMULLIGAN TO TELL WHERE MY FATHER IS HIDDEN!
LOOK! THE TWO FACES ARE ALIKE!
??? WHAT AM DAT INDIAN GAL LOOKIN' AT ME FO' ??

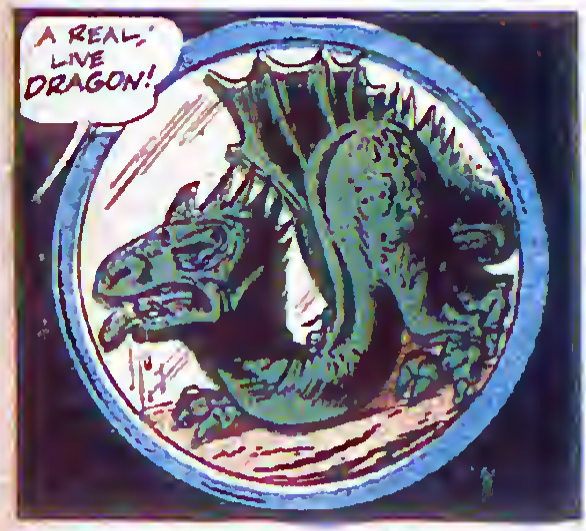

YOU ARE ANCIENT GOD POO-POO!
UNHAND ME GAL, AH IS PLAIN STEAMBOAT WASHINGTON LINCOLN JEFFERSON GRANT


MEANWHILE, THE GREAT CONTEST BEGINS...
WITH MY THUNDERSTICK I KILL FROM AFAR, O MY PEOPLE!
BEAT THAT, MY FRIEND! YOU HAVE NO GUN, HEH, HEH!
MMM! SEE THE BIRD RIGHT BEHIND THE ONE YOU SHOT?
BAM!

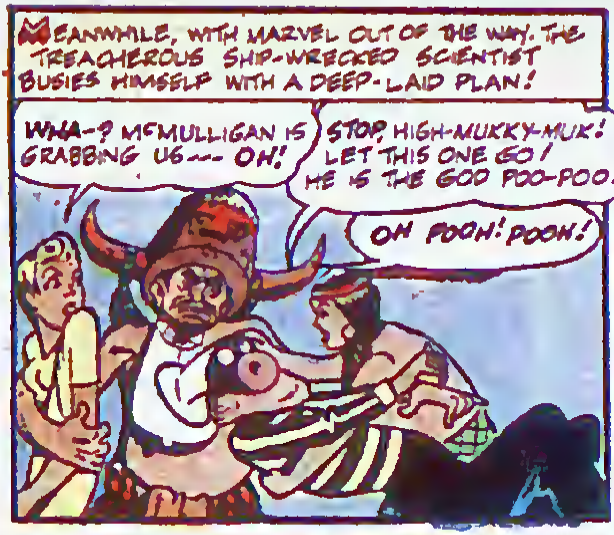

WHEN NECESSARY, CAPTAIN MARVEL CAN MOVE AT THE SPEED OF LIGHT, INVISIBLE TO THE HUMAN EYE!
SWISH
SQUAWK

WHAT DID YOU DO? JUST STRETCH YOUR ARMS OUT LIKE A RUBBER BAND?
ASK ME NO QUESTIONS ... I'LL TELL YOU NO LIES! ANYWAY, I BROUGHT MY BIRD DOWN JUST AS FAST AS YOU DID!
AWRK

O MY PEOPLE! YOU ALL KNOW WHAT FEARSOME MONSTER IS SHOWN THROUGH MY MAGIC TUBE! I DEFY THIS IMPOSTER BOO-BOO TO FIND IT.
LET ME TAKE A LOOK!


A REAL, LIVE DRAGON!

WELL, IT OUGHT TO BE EASY TO FIND— IT'S AS BIG AS A HOUSE! I'LL BRING IT BACK, DEAD OR ALIVE!
HEH, HEH, WILL HE BE SURPRISED!


MEANWHILE, WITH MARVEL OUT OF THE WAY, THE TREACHEROUS SHIP-WRECKED SCIENTIST BUSIES HIMSELF WITH A DEEP-LAID PLAN!
WHA-? McMULLIGAN IS GRABBING US--- OH!
STOP, HIGH-MUKKY-MUK! LET THIS ONE GO! HE IS THE GOO POO-POO!
OH POOH! POOH!

INTO THIS CAVE WITH YOU TWO!
OH MY GREAT GOD POO-POO! I WILL FOLLOW YOU!
LADY, YO IS DE CHASINGEST PUSSON--!

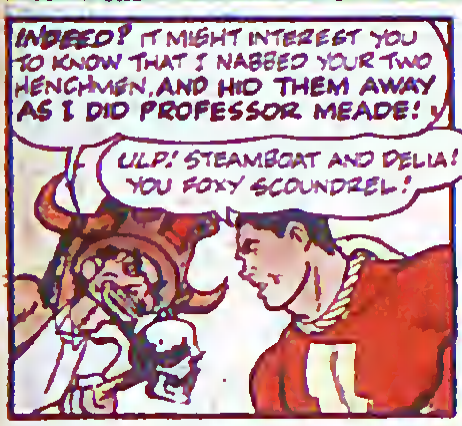
THEY'RE OUT OF THE WAY! NOW TO GO AFTER THAT BIG RED CHIGELER AND FINISH HIM OFF!

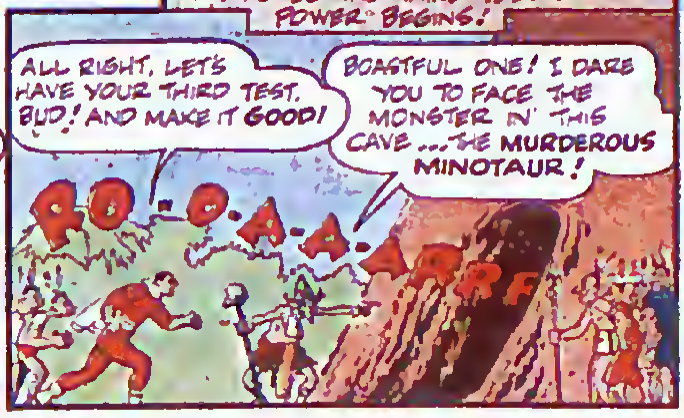
HERES ABOUT THE SPOT WHERE THE DRAGON WAS. SO NOW.... HUH!?? NOTHING HERE - BUT A SMALL LIZARD CHAINED TO THE ROCK!

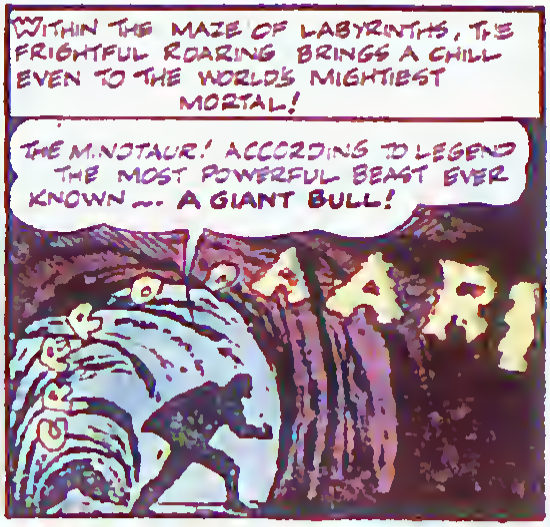
HA, HA, STUPID! YOU FORGET THAT A TELESCOPE MAGNIFIES! ALL YOU REALLY SAW WAS THAT TINY LIZARD! THERE IS NO DRAGON!

I JUST WANTED TO TRICK YOU OUT HERE SO I CAN PUSH THIS BALANCING STONE ON YOU!

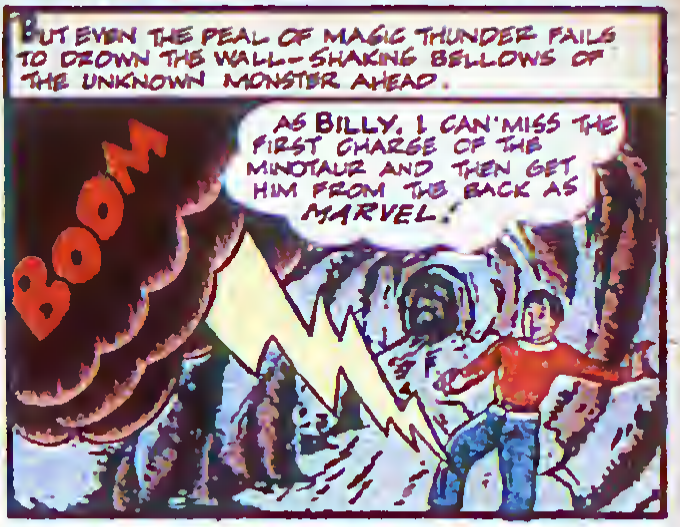
UNDER THREAT TO HIS COMPANIONS, EVEN MIGHTY MARVEL IS FORCED TO PLAY THE GAME THE SCENTISTS WAY ... AND SO THE THIRD TEST OF POWER BEGINS!



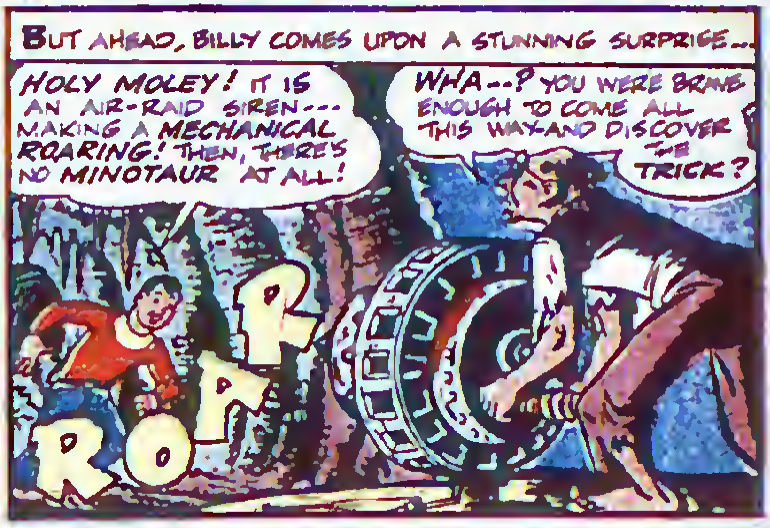




THESE PASSAGES ARE GETTING PRETTY NARROW, SO—
SHAZAM!
RUN


BUT EVEN THE PEAL OF MAGIC THUNDER FAILS TO DROWN THE WALL-SHAKING BELLOWS OF THE UNKNOWN MONSTER AHEAD.
AS BILLY, I CAN'T MISS THE FIRST CHARGE OF THE MINOTAUR AND THEN GET HIM FROM THE BACK AS MARVEL!
BOOM

HOLY MOLEY! HE'S JUST AHEAD NOW! HE SOUNDS LIKE FIFTY AIR-RAIDS! HE MUST BE AS BIG AS A HOUSE!
ROAR
ROAR
ROAR


BUT AHEAD, BILLY COMES UPON A STUNNING SURPRISE...
HOLY MOLEY! IT IS AN AIR-RAID SIREN... MAKING A MECHANICAL ROARING! THEN, THERE'S NO MINOTAUR AT ALL!
WHA--? YOU WERE BRAVE ENOUGH TO COME ALL THIS WAY AND DISCOVER THE TRICK?
ROAR

YOU'RE THE FIRST EVER TO COME THIS FAR INTO THE CAVE OF THE MINOTAUR! THE NATIVES ALWAYS TURNED AND RAN! WELL, I'M PROFESSOR MEADE—
PROFESSOR MEADE! DELIA'S FATHER! SO YOU'RE IN CAHOOTS WITH McMULLIGAN?

I'M ASHAMED OF YOU, PROFESSOR MEADE! JOINING WITH THAT RASCAL McMULLIGAN IN BROW-BEATING THESE NATIVES!
McMULLIGAN IS NOT A RASCAL! YOU'RE WRONG! LET ME EXPLAIN—

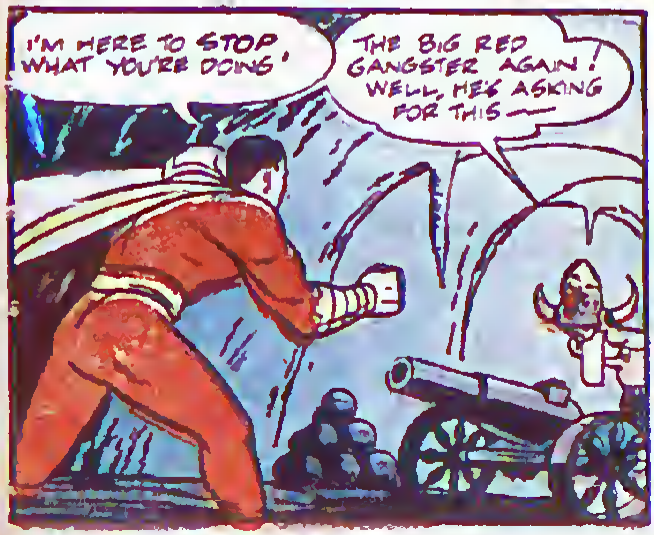
EXPLAIN NOTHING! I'M GOING TO CLEAN THIS PLACE OUT~ SHAZ~UGH!
IT'S THE BOY, BILLY! ANOTHER COHORT OF THAT RED BULLY. TAKE THAT!
THUMP

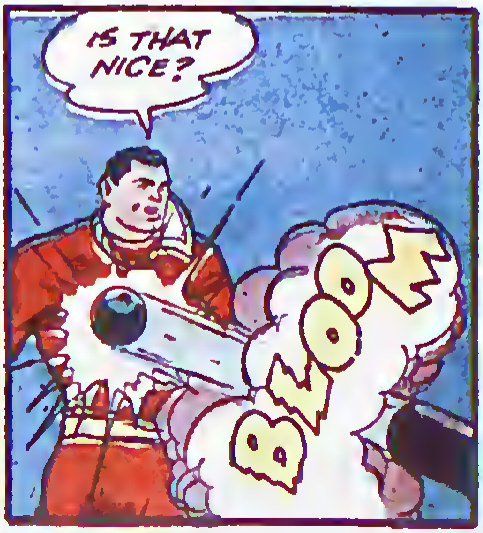
BILLY IS DRAGGED INTO A STRANGE UNDERGROUND HEADQUARTERS WHERE---
DELIA!
FATHER!
IT'S MISTAH BILLY! A PRISONER LIKE US~ALL!

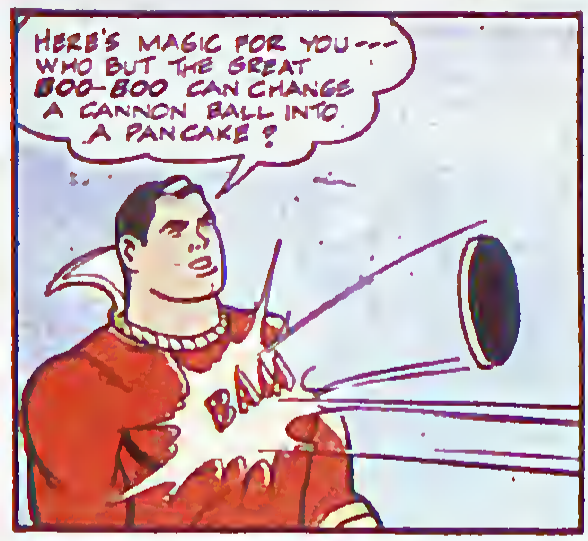
AND NOW THAT I HAVE YOU ALL TOGETHER DOWN HERE IN MY SECRET HIDE-OUT I'M GOING TO FINISH WHAT I STARTED AND NOBODY CAN STOP ME!

BUT BILLY HAS NOT BEEN KNOCKED OUT. ONLY STUNNED!
IS THAT SO, McMULLIGAN, WELL ---
SHAZAAA

BOOM

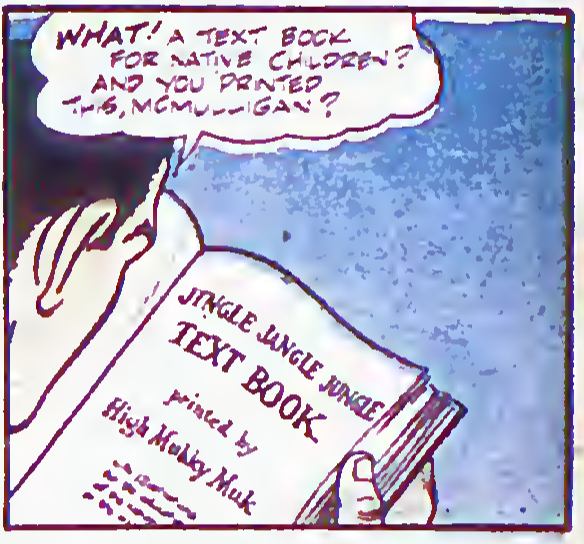

I'M HERE TO STOP WHAT YOU'RE DOING!
THE BIG RED GANGSTER AGAIN! WELL, HE'S ASKING FOR THIS ---

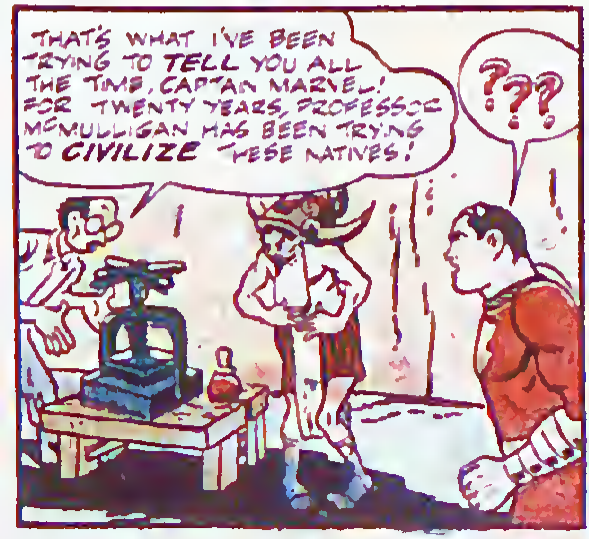

IS THAT NICE?
BLOOM


HERE'S MAGIC FOR YOU--- WHO BUT THE GREAT BOO-BOO CAN CHANGE A CANNON BALL INTO A PANCAKE?
BAM

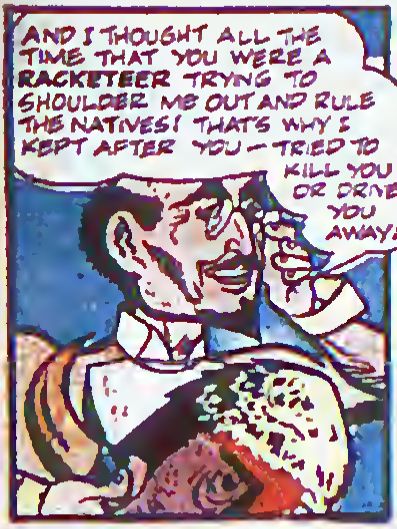
OWWW!
SORRY, I HAVE TO SERVE IT WITHOUT MOLASSES!

HEY! WHAT'S THIS?
YOU THUG! YOU WON'T STOP ME! YOU WON'T! YOU WON'T!

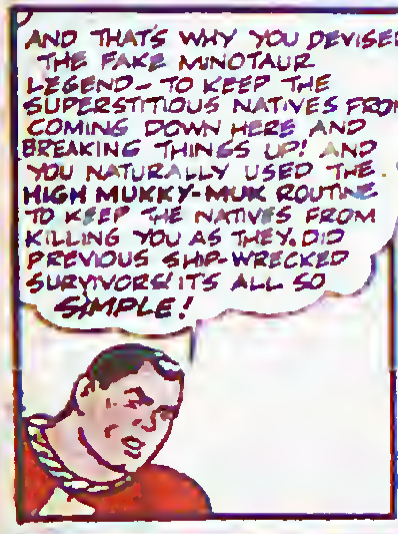

WHAT! A TEXT BOOK FOR NATIVE CHILDREN? AND YOU PRINTED THIS, MCMULLIGAN?
JINGLE JUNGLE JUNGLE TEXT BOOK printed by High Muky Muk


THAT'S WHAT I'VE BEEN TRYING TO TELL YOU ALL THE TIME, CAPTAIN MARVEL! FOR TWENTY YEARS, PROFESSOR MCMULLIGAN HAS BEEN TRYING TO CIVILIZE THESE NATIVES!
???

WHY DIDN'T YOU SAY SO? SHAKE, WE'RE FRENDS NOW! DIDN'T YOU EVER HEAR OF CAPTAIN MARVEL, PLEDGED TO FIGHT EVIL?
NO! I'VE BEEN AWAY FROM CIVILIZATION FOR TWENTY YEARS-- AND YOU MEAN YOU'RE NOT TRYING TO BREAK UP MY PLANS?


AND I THOUGHT ALL THE TIME THAT YOU WERE A RACKETEER TRYING TO SHOULDER ME OUT AND RULE THE NATIVES! THAT'S WHY I KEPT AFTER YOU — TRIED TO KILL YOU OR DRIVE YOU AWAY!

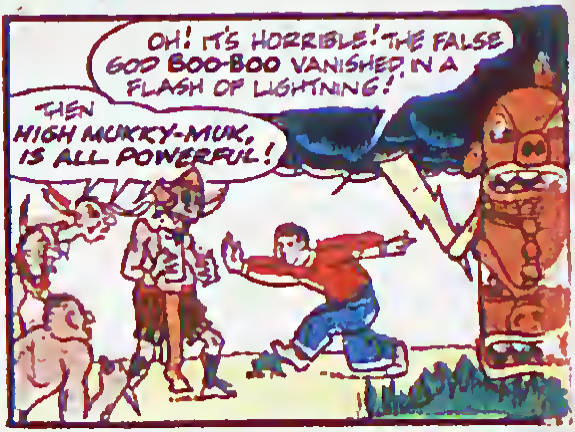
I'LL BE READY SOON TO EDUCATE THE CHILDREN DOWN HERE. I HAD TO BUILD ALL THE THINGS MYSELF, EXCEPT FOR SOME SALVAGED MATERIAL FROM WRECKED SHIPS.
I SEE IT, ALL NOW!

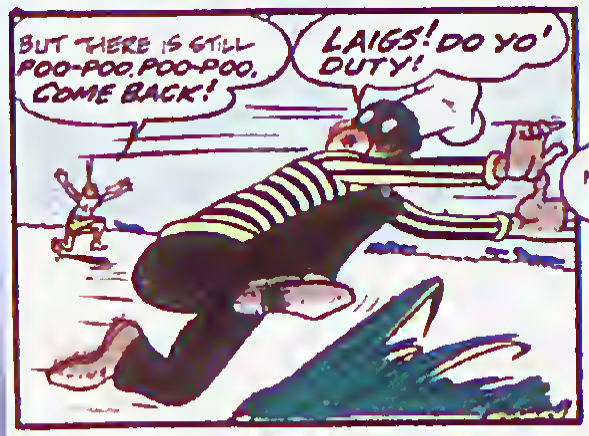

AND THAT'S WHY YOU DEVISED THE FAKE MINOTAUR LEGEND — TO KEEP THE SUPERSTITIOUS NATIVES FROM COMING DOWN HERE AND BREAKING THINGS UP! AND YOU NATURALLY USED THE HIGH MUKKY-MUK ROUTINE TO KEEP THE NATIVES FROM KILLING YOU AS THEY DID PREVIOUS SHIP-WRECKED SURVIVORS! IT'S ALL SO SIMPLE!

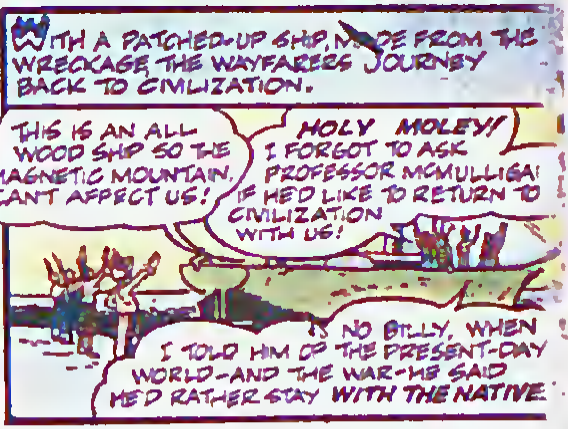
SO IT'S ALL BEEN A BIG MISTAKE! --- ER -- COME ALONG, ALL OF YOU! ONE THING REMAINS TO BE DONE -- DESTROY THE LEGEND OF BOO-BOO FOR THE NATIVES.

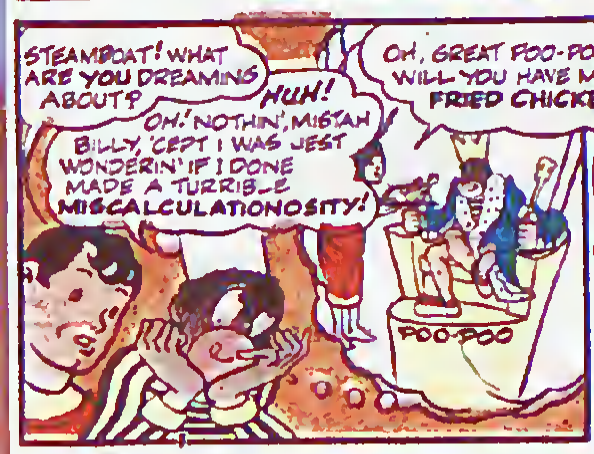
AFTER CERTAIN CAREFUL INSTRUCTIONS, A SCENE IS ENACTED ABOVE GROUND FOR THE WAITING NATIVES.
MY PEOPLE, BOO-BOO HAS WON THE THREE TESTS, BUT NOW I CHALLENGE HIM TO PERSONAL COMBAT!
HA! YOU ARE A GREAT GOD, HIGH MUKKY-MUK - BUT NOW I WILL SLAY YOU!

GO AHEAD, PROFESSOR! HIT ME HARD — AH, THAT'S IT!
AVAUNT, YOU LESSER GOD!
UGHHHHHH
POW









THRILL TO MARVELS AND MIRACLES
THAT YOU YOURSELF WILL SEE!
COME WITH CAPTAIN MARVEL INTO
"THE WORLD OF YOUR TOMORROW"
A STUNNING STORY FEATURING THE INCREDIBLE INVENTIONS OF YOUR OWN FUTURE!
IN YOUR NEXT ISSUE OF America's Greatest Comics

SPY SMASHER

in "MENACE OVER NIAGARA FALLS"

THE VITAL NIAGARA FALLS POWER PLANT, FEEDING MILLIONS OF VOLTS OF ELECTRICITY TO AMERICA'S WAR INDUSTRIES, BECOMES A TARGET FOR THE BLOWS OF NAZIDOM'S BARON VON STUKA, RUTHLESS SABOTEUR WHO CHEATS DEATH ITSELF TO GAIN HIS ENDS. CAN EVEN SPY SMASHER, FIGHTING NEMESIS OF AMERICA'S ENEMIES, MATCH THIS ACE OF ALL AXIS AGENTS IN HIS GRIM GAME OF DEATH AND DESTRUCTION?

NIGHT... AND ALONG A RAIN-SWEPT HIGHWAY COMES A CAR, CARRYING ALAN ARMSTRONG AND EVE CORBY ON A TRIP TO NIAGARA FALLS.

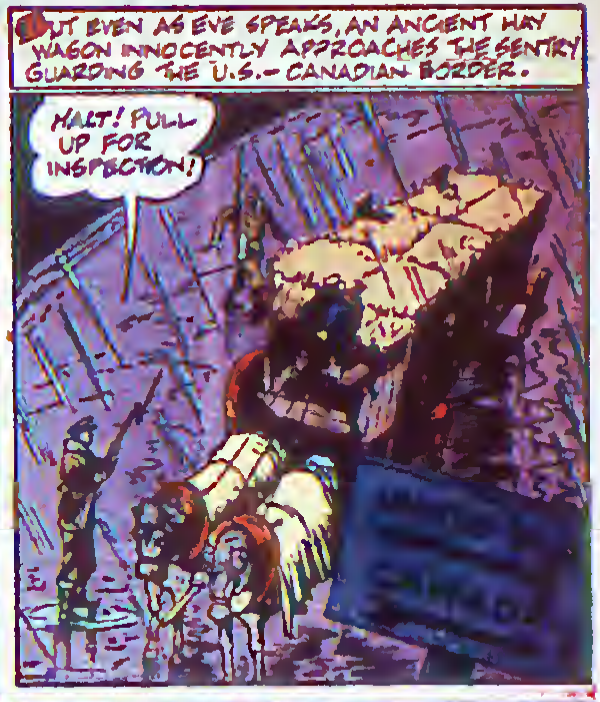
YOU KNOW, EVE, THIS IS THE NIGHT THAT BARON VON STUKA IS TO BE ELECTROCUTED AT STATE PRISON.

BARON VON STUKA.. BRRR.. EVEN HIS NAME MAKES ME SHUDDER!

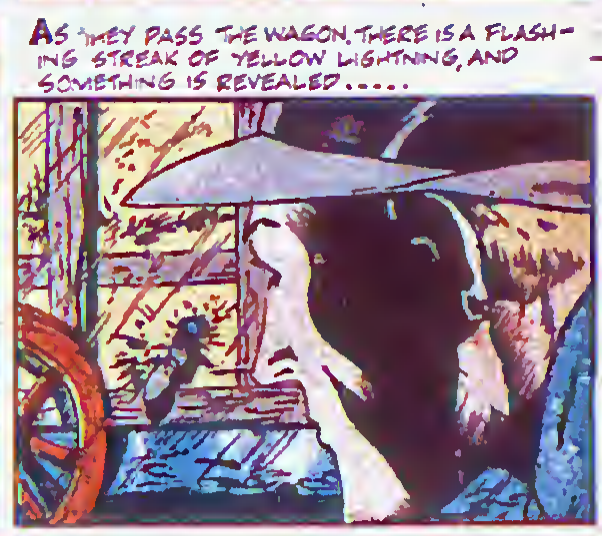
IT'S A GOOD THING HIS TERRIBLE SPY-RING IS COMPLETELY BROKEN UP NOW!
YES, HE WAS A TOUGH CUSTOMER. AS I... ER... I MEAN, SPY SMASHER FOUND OUT.

PAPERS ALL IN ORDER
ALL O.K. BACK HERE!

A SHORT WHILE LATER, THE HAND OF FATE BRINGS THIS SAME HAY WAGON ALONG THE ROAD TRAVELED BY ALAN AND EVE.
OH LOOK, ALAN, AT THAT QUAINT OLD HAY WAGON!
HAY WAGON? IN THIS WEATHER? HMMM...

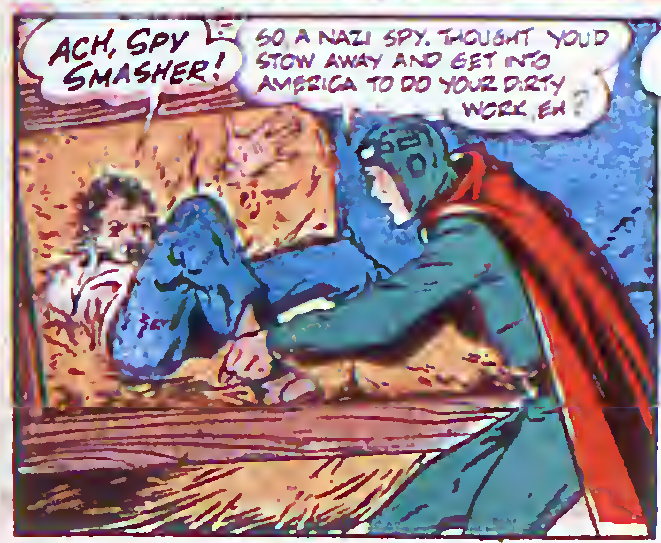

BUT EVEN AS EVE SPEAKS, AN ANCIENT HAY WAGON INNOCENTLY APPROACHES THE SENTRY GUARDING THE U.S.-CANADIAN BORDER.
HALT! PULL UP FOR INSPECTION!

O.K. OLD TIMER, YOU CAN PASS.
THANK YOU, SIR.


AS THEY PASS THE WAGON, THERE IS A FLASHING STREAK OF YELLOW LIGHTNING, AND SOMETHING IS REVEALED.....

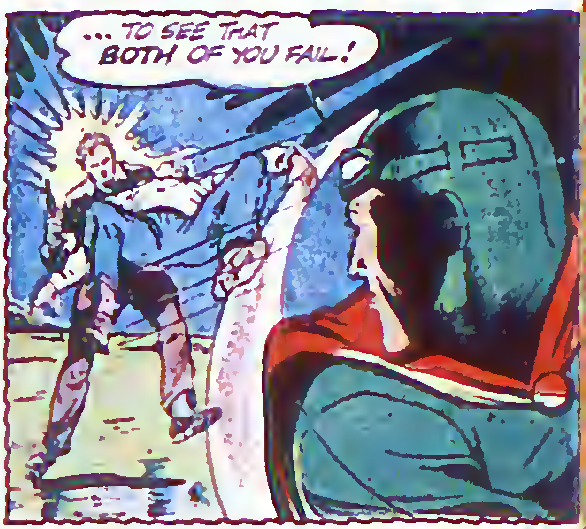
ALAN, WHY ARE YOU STOPPING?
SOMETHING FISHY ABOUT THAT WAGON. I'D SWEAR I SAW A FOOT STICKING OUT OF THE HAY.

OH, ALAN—AND THIS WAS SUPPOSED TO BE A VACATION.
SORRY EVE BUT SPY SMASHER'S GOT TO LOOK INTO THIS.


ACH, SPY SMASHER!
SO, A NAZI SPY. THOUGHT YOU'D STOW AWAY AND GET INTO AMERICA TO DO YOUR DIRTY WORK, EH?

CORRECT, AND I'M HERE TO SEE THAT HE SUCCEEDS!

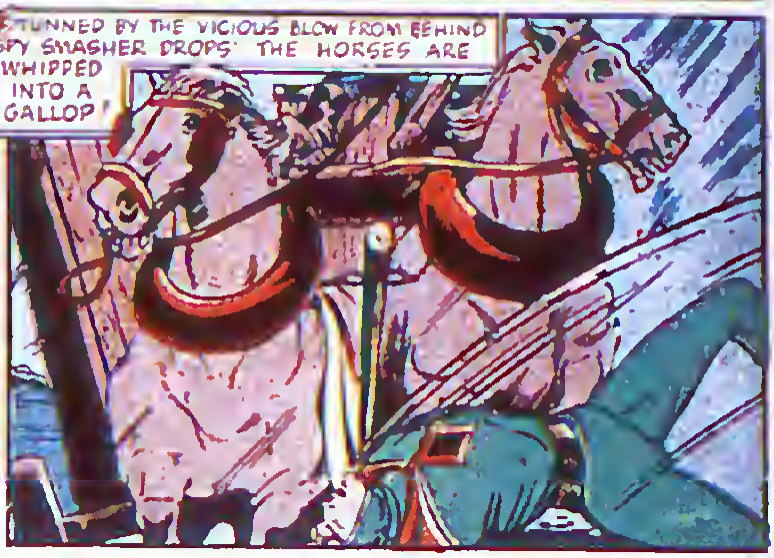
AND I'M HERE...

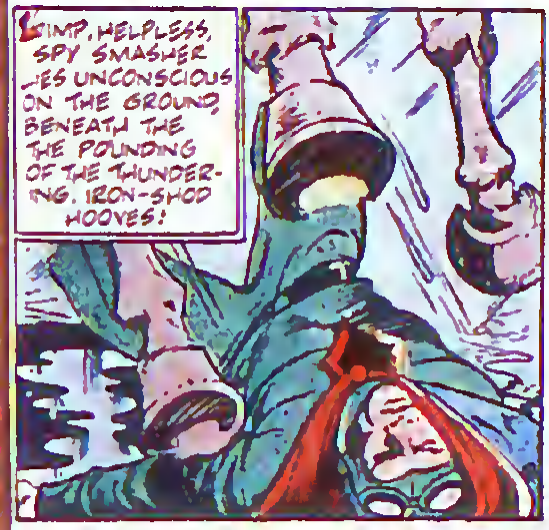

... TO SEE THAT BOTH OF YOU FAIL!

PILE ON HIM, MEN! YE CAN'T BEAT ALL OF US!
MORE, EH?

WELL, THAT'S JUST THE WAY I LIKE IT!

LET'S SEE HOW YOU LIKE THIS!


STUNNED BY THE VICIOUS BLOW FROM BEHIND SPY SMASHER DROPS! THE HORSES ARE WHIPPED INTO A GALLOP!


LIMP, HELPLESS, SPY SMASHER LIES UNCONSCIOUS ON THE GROUND, BENEATH THE THE POUNDING OF THE THUNDERING, IRON-SHOD HOOVES!

AS THE SPIES DISAPPEAR DOWN THE ROAD, EVE RUSHES UP TO THE STRICKEN SPY SMASHER!
SPY SMASHER, SPEAK TO ME! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
OH, WHAT A SOCK! I'LL BE ALL RIGHT, EVE, IN A MINUTE!

RETURNING TO HIS ROLE AS THE MILLIONAIRE PLAYBOY, ALAN CONTINUES HIS JOURNEY WITH EVE!
I'LL TAKE YOU TO THE HOTEL EVE AND THEN I'M GOING AFTER THOSE SPIES BEFORE THEY DO TOO MUCH DAMAGE.
WHAT DO YOU THINK THEY'RE AFTER?
THEY'RE PROBABLY OUT TO SABOTAGE THE NIAGARA FALLS POWER PLANT. YOU TELEPHONE THE AUTHORITIES AND WARN THEM. I'LL MEET YOU HERE LATER.
ALAN LITTLE KNOWS HOW RIGHT HE IS, FOR IN THE POWER PLANT...
TIME TO GUT FOOLS. WE'LL TAKE OVER FROM HERE.
SAY, YOU CAN'T DO THIS!
HUH!
THINK NOT?
ANYONE ELSE WANT TO START SOMETHING?
AAAGH!
SPY SMASHER ARRIVES OUTSIDE THE PLANT, FINDING MUTE EVIDENCE OF THE WORK OF THE SPIES.
THE HAY WAGONS NOWHERE AROUND BUT THOSE SABOTEURS CERTAINLY WERE.
ONCE AGAIN, SPY SMASHER, THAT MYSTERY FIGURE OF THE NIGHT, FLASHES INTO ACTION!

LOOKS LIKE I'M JUST IN TIME!
BOY, HOW I'D LIKE TO DO THIS TO YOUR BOSS, HITLER!
UGH!
HURLED BACKWARDS BY THE POWERFUL STREAM OF WATER FROM THE FIRE HOSE, SPY SMASHER CRASHES INTO A SWITCHBOARD CAUSING A GIGANTIC SHORT CIRCUIT.
THIS'LL PUT THE DAMPER ON THAT WHIRLWIND!

STUNNED INTO SENSELESSNESS BY THE SHOCK, THE FOE OF AMERICA'S ENEMIES SLUMPS TO THE FLOOR, LIMP AND HELPLESS.

BIND AND GAG THAT MEDDLER. WE'LL DISPOSE OF HIM LATER.

IN THE MEANTIME, WE HAVE WORK TO DO.

AT THAT VERY MOMENT, THE SPY'S HAYWAGON ARRIVES OUTSIDE THE STATE PRISON, WHERE IN A FEW MOMENTS BARON VON STUKA IS TO ELECTROCUTED.

SUDDENLY...

HELP! FIRE! HELP!

QUICK, OPEN THE GATES AND SEND THE PRISON FIRE APPARATUS OUT TO HELP THAT FARMER!

INSIDE THE PRISON, BARON VON STUKA NEARS HIS END..

THIS IS THE END OF THE TRAIL, BARON. HAVE YOU ANYTHING TO SAY?

PAH! STUPID FOOL, YOU CAN NEVER KILL BARON VON STUKA!

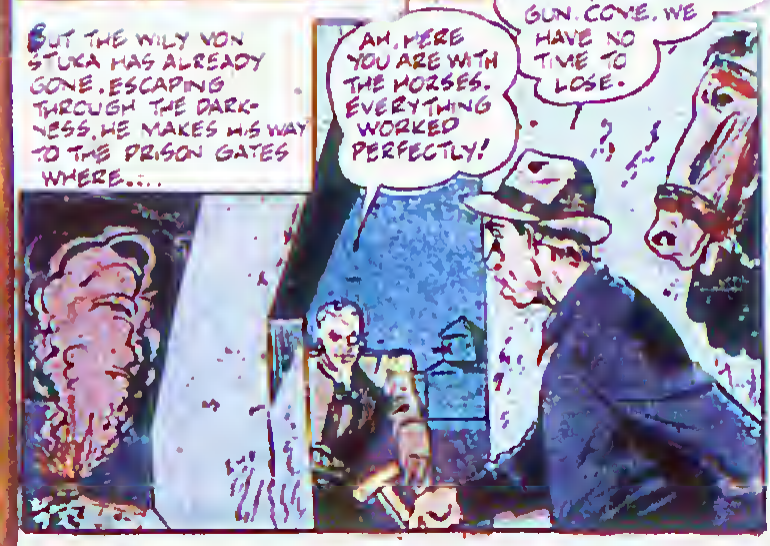
I'M AFRAID YOU'RE THE FOOL, VON STUKA. PROCEED WITH THE EXECUTION!

ONLY TEN SECONDS MORE.

SIMILAR SCENE, TENSE WITH DRAMA, IS ENACTED BACK AT THE NIAGARA FALLS POWER PLANT.
TEN SECONDS TO GO. PULL THE SWITCH!

AND AS THE MASTER SWITCH IS THROWN, THE GREATER PART OF AN ENTIRE STATE IS BLACKED OUT... BLACKED OUT FOR CRIME!

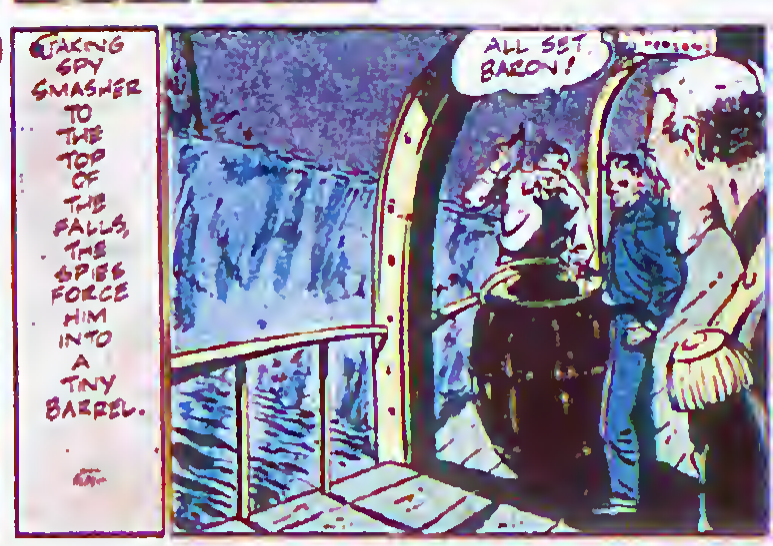
BACK AT THE PRISON, THE EXECUTION ROOM IS PLUNGED INTO DARKNESS AND CONFUSION
THE LIGHTS!
THE POWERS FAILED!
GRAB VON STUKA. HE'LL ESCAPE!

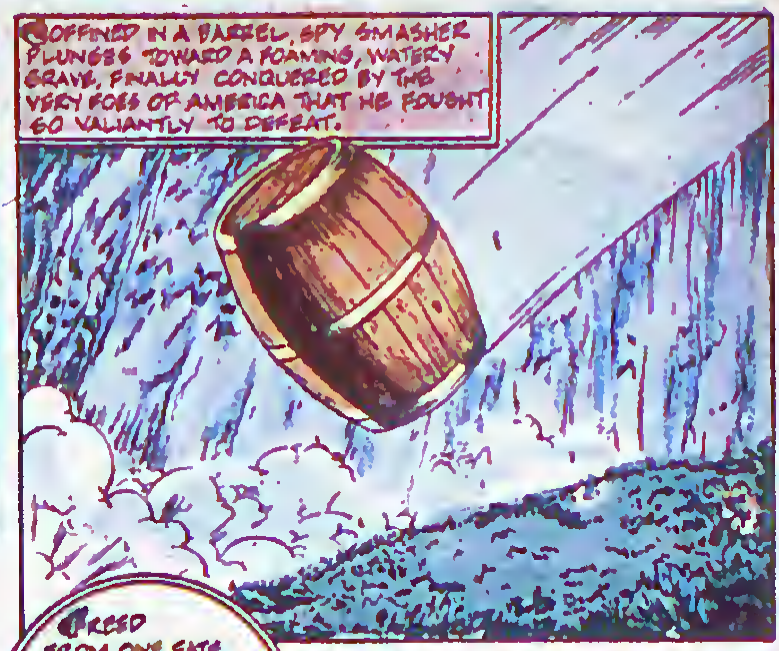

BUT THE WILY VON STUKA HAS ALREADY GONE. ESCAPING THROUGH THE DARKNESS, HE MAKES HIS WAY TO THE PRISON GATES WHERE....
AH, HERE YOU ARE WITH THE HORSES. EVERYTHING WORKED PERFECTLY!
IT IS WELL BARON. HERE IS YOUR CANE GUN. COME, WE HAVE NO TIME TO LOSE.

AT THE THRESHOLD OF FREEDOM, VON STUKA IS SPOTTED BY THE FIRE FIGHTING GUARDS.
LOOK, BARON VON STUKA IS ESCAPING.
QUICK. AFTER HIM, WE'VE BEEN TRICKED!

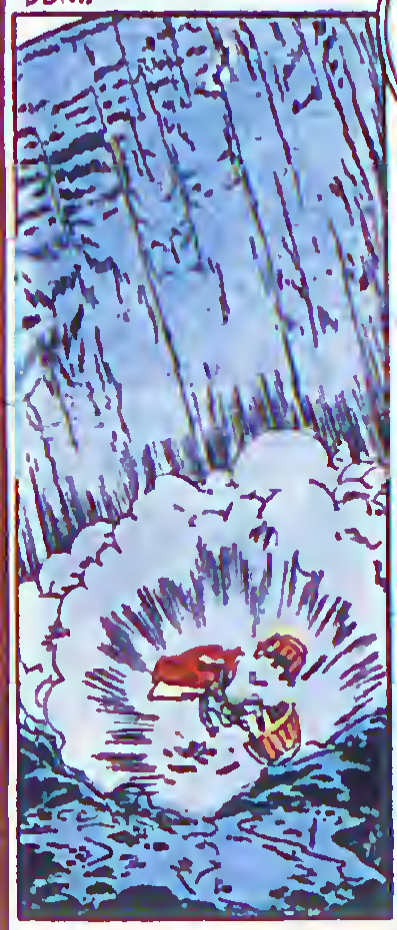
A SHORT WHILE LATER, VON STUKA REACHES THE POWER PLANT.

TAKING SPY SMASHER TO THE TOP OF THE FALLS, THE SPIES FORCE HIM INTO A TINY BARREL.





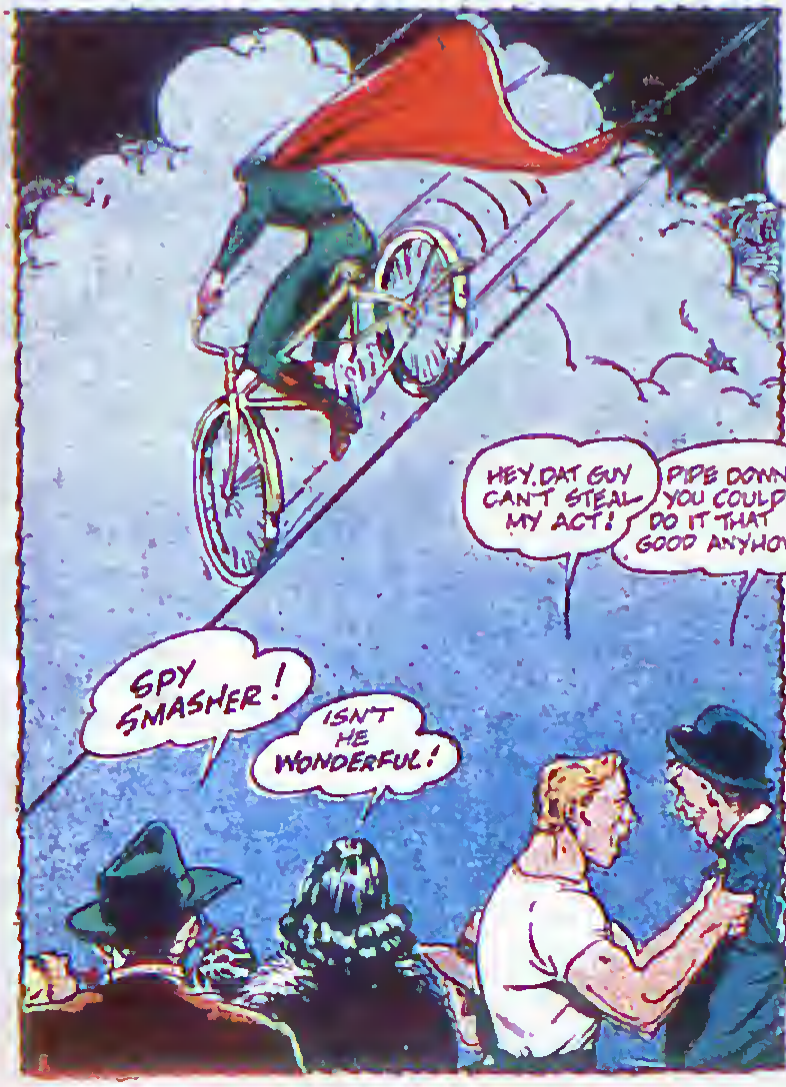
BUT AT THE FOOT OF THE FALLS, THE HURTLING BARREL SHATTERS AGAINST A ROCK AND A GREEN-CLAD FIGURE OF JUSTICE IS THROWN TO FREEDOM.



FRESH FROM ONE FATE, SPY SMASHER FACES YET ANOTHER AS THE SWIRLING WATERS OF A FATHOMLESS WHIRLPOOL CATCH HIM IN THEIR TOW

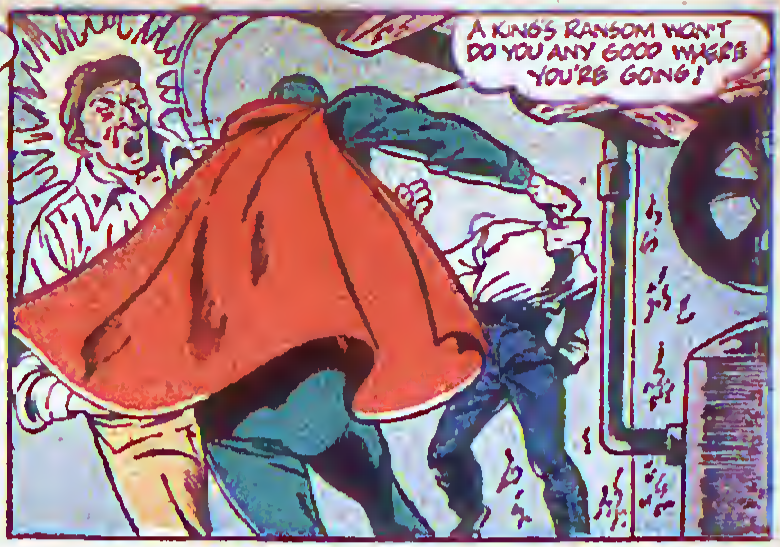
CURRENT'S TOO SWIFT... CAN'T SWIM AGAINST IT..

WITH OBLIVION SCANT YARDS AWAY, SPY SMASHER CLUTCHES DESPERATELY AT A LOOSE ROPE DANGLING FROM A BRIDGE THAT IS BEING RECONSTRUCTED OVERHEAD



BACK IN THE POWER PLANT, MEANWHILE, VON STUKA PROCEEDS WITH THE DESTRUCTION PREPARATIONS.

WHA... YOU ??? BUT I THOUGHT... HURRY MEN, A KING'S RANSOM FOR THE ONE WHO BRINGS HIM DOWN. WE MUST NOT FAIL!

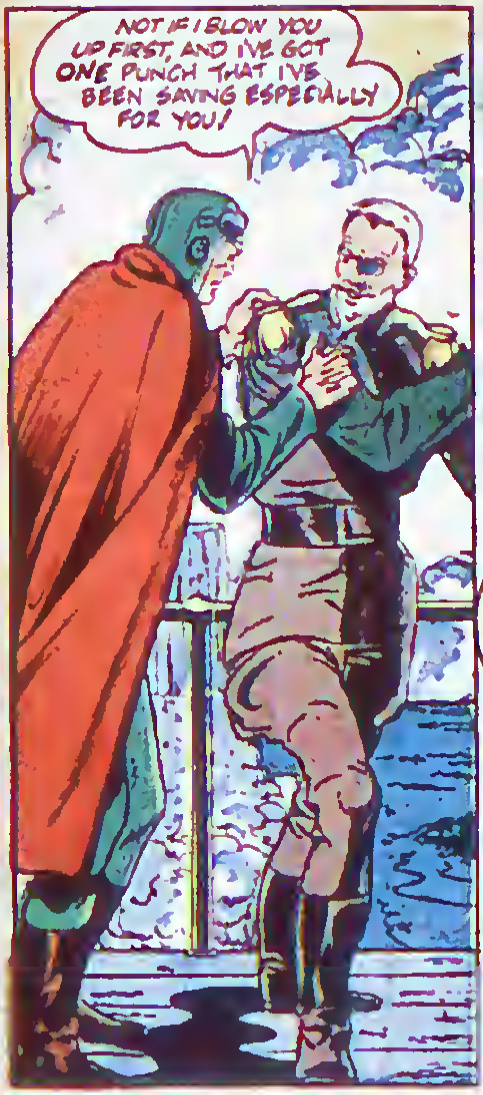

A KING'S RANSOM WON'T DO YOU ANY GOOD WHERE YOU'RE GOING!

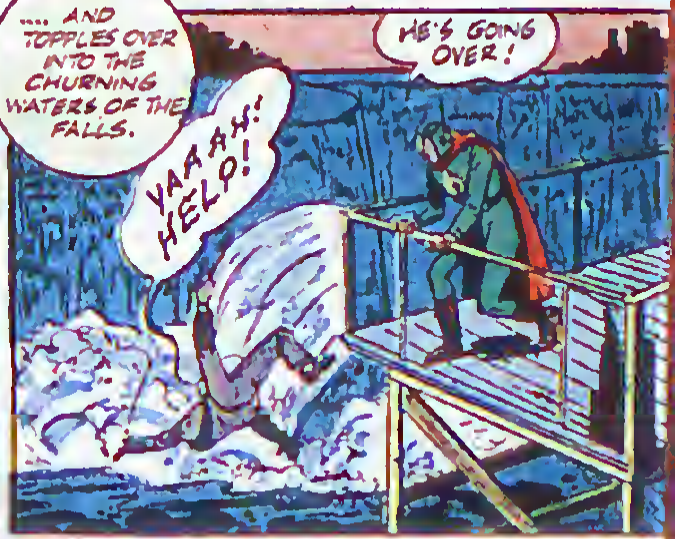
KEEP 'EM FLYING!

FOOL SPY SMASHER! YOU CAN HAVE MY DUPES, BUT YOU'LL NEVER GET ME!

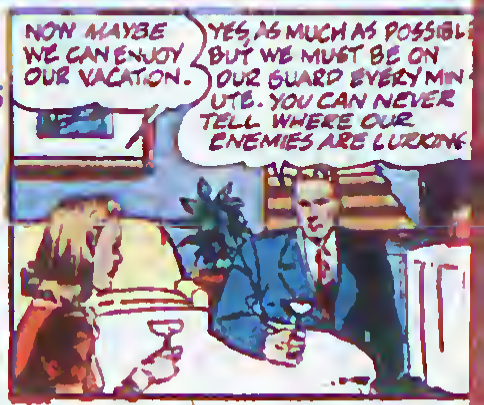
GUESS YOU BOYS WILL BE SAFE TILL THE ARMY GETS HERE. IN THE MEANTIME, I'VE GOT TO GET YOUR BOSS.

HA, HA, HA, I'LL STILL BLOW UP THE PLANT.... AND SPY SMASHER WITH IT!





LATER, ALAN ARMSTRONG REJOINS EVE CORBY IN THE CROWDED DINING ROOM OF THE HOTEL.



SEE SPY SMASHER SMASH THE AXIS IN A BRAND NEW MAGAZINE, ALL HERO COMICS, ON SALE JANUARY 15th!

AND SO CAN *YOU!*

LET'S STAMP OUT THE AXIS! BUY ALL THE WAR STAMPS AND BONDS YOU CAN!

MR. SCARLET and PINKY

IN THE CASE OF THE "CRIME DERBY"

MURDER

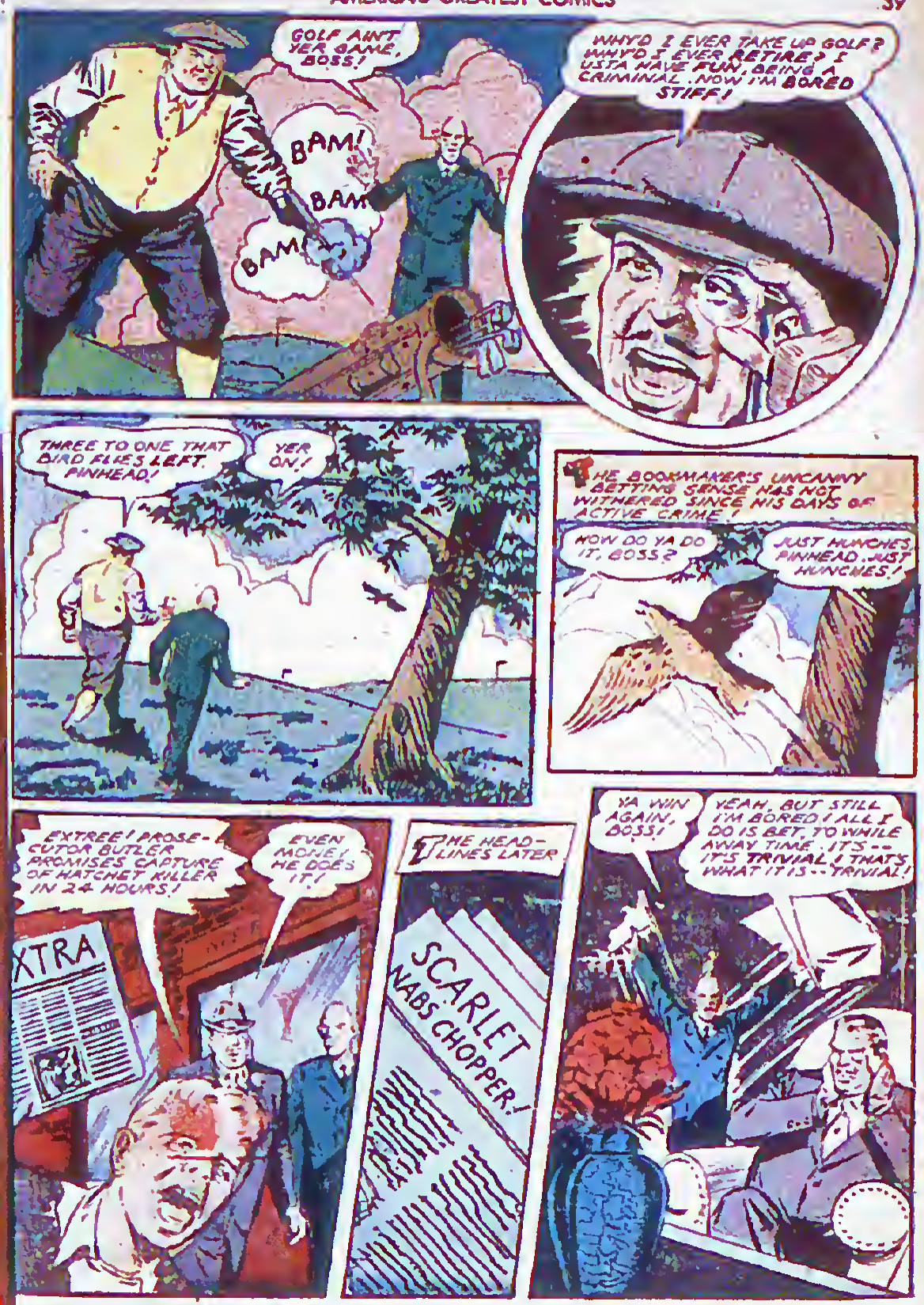
HORSE RACING--THE SPORT OF KINGS! AND CRIME--THE GRIM SPORT OF THE UNDERWORLD! AND IN ONE CRIMINAL MIND IS BORN THE GRISLY CRIME DERBY!--THE ENDLESS RACE BETWEEN THE FORCES OF GOOD AND EVIL! ARE THE ODDS ON MR. SCARLET, RED-ROBED KNIGHT OF JUSTICE? --OR ON THE BOOKMAKER OF CRIME? AS THEY HURTLE NECK AND NECK DOWN THE HOME STRETCH --WITH WIN, PLACE OR SHOW ON THE BETTING BOARD OF DEATH!

BEHOLD! BEHOLD THE ARTFUL PICTURE OF JOHN "THE BOOKMAKER" BUGG ON A GOLF-COURSE-- ONCE A CRIME GREAT NOW A RETIRED NOBODY!

TWO-TO-ONE I MISS--OOPS! I KNEW IT!

YOU WIN THE BET, BOSS. AREN'T YA HAPPY?

HAPPY? HAPPY?!!


GOLF AIN'T YER GAME, BOSS!
BAM!
BAM
BAM
WHY'D I EVER TAKE UP GOLF? WHY'D I EVER RETIRE? I USTA HAVE FUN BEING A CRIMINAL. NOW I'M BORED STIFF!
THREE TO ONE THAT BIRD FLIES LEFT, PINHEAD!
YER ON!
THE BOOKMAKER'S UNCANNY BETTING SENSE HAS NOT WITHERED SINCE HIS DAYS OF ACTIVE CRIME!
HOW DO YA DO IT, BOSS?
JUST HUNCHES, PINHEAD. JUST HUNCHES!
EXTREE! PROSECUTOR BUTLER PROMISES CAPTURE OF HATCHET KILLER IN 24 HOURS!
EVEN MONEY HE DOES IT!
XTRA
THE HEADLINES LATER
SCARLET NABS CHOPPER!
YA WIN AGAIN, BOSS!
YEAH, BUT STILL I'M BORED! ALL I DO IS BET, TO WHILE AWAY TIME. IT'S -- IT'S TRIVIAL! THAT'S WHAT IT IS -- TRIVIAL!

SUDDENLY, AN IDEA STRIKES THE RETIRED CRIMINAL GANG-LEADER!

CRIME VERSUS THE LAW! A "GAME" THAT GOES ON ALL THE TIME! THERE'S SOMETHING TO REALLY BET ON!--- FOR BIG STAKES! C'MON, ANNHEAD. I'M SETTIN' MY-SELF UP AS "THE BOOKMAKER OF CRIME!"

AND SO, BEFORE LONG, A NEW ESTABLISH-MENT SPRINGS UP WHERE THE IDLERS AND PLAYBOYS OF THE CITY FLOCK SECRETLY FOR A NEW THRILL.

IS THIS THE CRIME DERBY? JOE SENT US.

JOE? OKAY.

"BOOKIE JOINT" WHERE THE WILD CHARGER CRIME RACES ETERNALLY WITH THAT THOROUGHBRED STEED -- THE LAW!

CRIME DERBY
CRIME VS. LAW--10 EVENTS NI

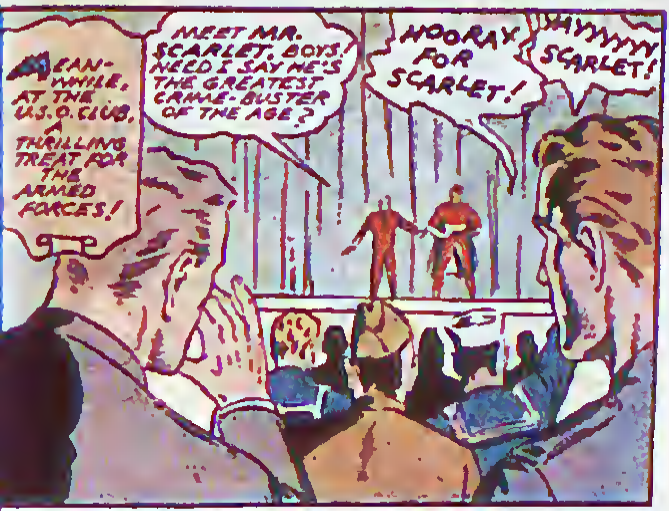
THE NEXT EVENT IS ROBBERY! PLACE YOUR BETS, LADIES AND GENTS!

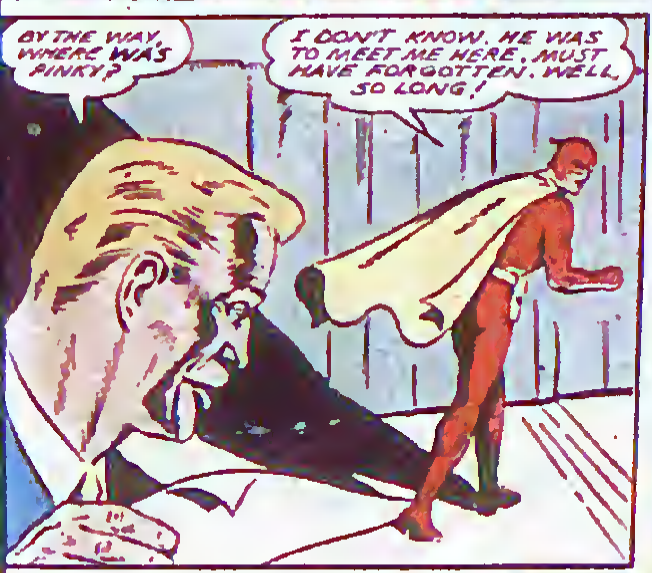
CRIME DERBY
CRIME VS. LA ... 10 EVENTS NIGHTLY

EVENT	CRIM	LAW	ODDS
1. BLACKMAIL	WINNER	LOSER	2-1
2. PROTECTION	LOSER	WINNER	3-1
3. BURGLARY	WINNER	LOSER	1-2
4. MURDER	LOSER	WINNER	0-0
5. SWINDLE	LO	WINNER	2-1
6. JAIL BREAK			0-0
7. GANG			0-0
8. CRA			1-2
9. ROBBERY			3-1
10. PICK-POCKETING			3-1

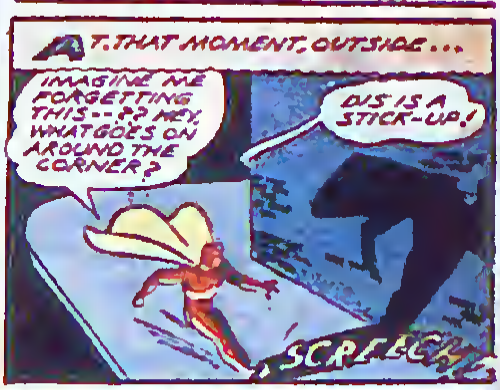
WE BETTER WIN DIS NEXT, BOSS! PLENTY OF OUR DOUGH IS COVERED!

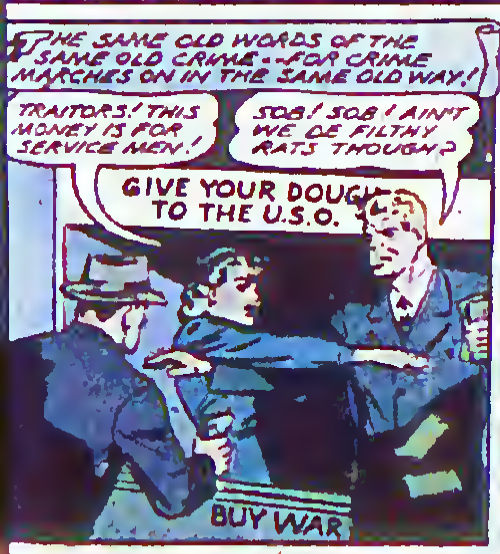
MY HUNCHES NEVER FAIL, ANNHEAD. I'M BETTING TWO TO ONE THAT CRIME WINS THIS EVENT!--- ROBBERY OF THE U.S.O. CLUB!

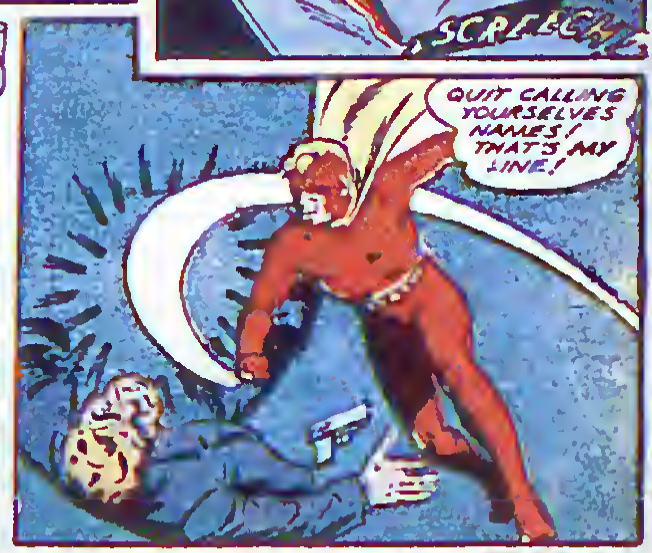

MEANWHILE, AT THE U.S.O. CLUB, A THRILLING TREAT FOR THE ARMED FORCES!
MEET MR. SCARLET, BOYS! NEED I SAY HE'S THE GREATEST CRIME-BUSTER OF THE AGE?
HOORAY FOR SCARLET!
YAYYYYY SCARLET!


BY THE WAY, WHERE WAS PINKY?
I DON'T KNOW. HE WAS TO MEET ME HERE. MUST HAVE FORGOTTEN. WELL, SO LONG!

I'LL MAKE IT SHORT AND SWEET. WHILE YOU BOYS TAKE CARE OF THE BATTLEFRONTS, PINKY AND I WILL WATCH THE CRIME FRONTS!
SPEECH!
SPEECH!


AT THAT MOMENT, OUTSIDE...
IMAGINE ME FORGETTING THIS--?? HEY, WHAT GOES ON AROUND THE CORNER?
DIS IS A STICK-UP!
SCREECH

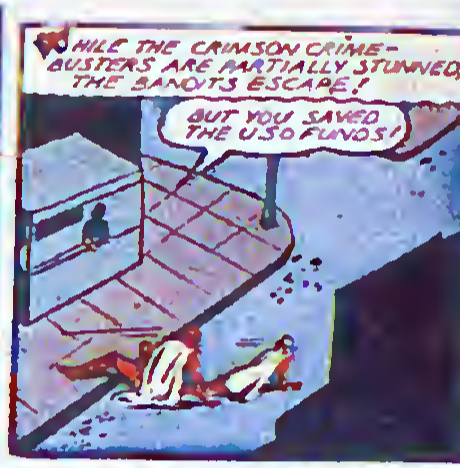

THE SAME OLD WORDS OF THE SAME OLD CRIME--FOR CRIME MARCHES ON IN THE SAME OLD WAY!
TRAITORS! THIS MONEY IS FOR SERVICE MEN!
SOB! SOB! AINT WE DE FILTHY RATS THOUGH?
GIVE YOUR DOUGH TO THE U.S.O.
BUY WAR


QUIT CALLING YOURSELVES NAMES! THAT'S MY LINE!

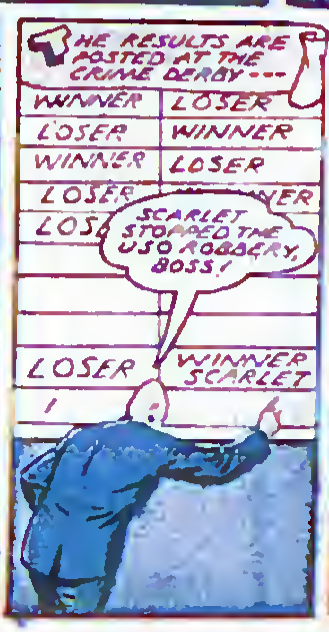
SLAM DA BRAT AGAINST DA WALL AN' I'LL BE A ONE-MAN FIRING SQUAD!

BUT ANOTHER SCARLET-CLAD FIGURE OF ACTION LEAPS FORTH!
PINKY!

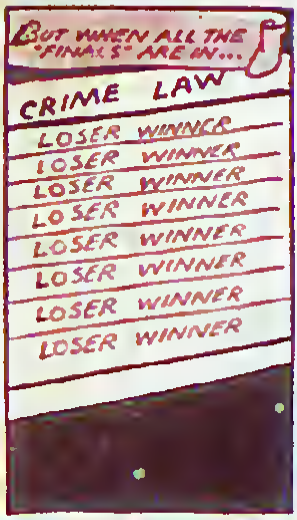
MR. SCARLET! MIGHTA KNOWN HE'D BE AROUND, IF PINKY WAS!
SLAM


WHILE THE CRIMSON CRIME-BUSTERS ARE PARTIALLY STUNNED, THE BANDITS ESCAPE!
BUT YOU SAVED THE USO FUNDS!

WELL, LET'S CRUISE THE CITY, PINKY, AND SEE WHAT OTHER CRIMES ARE COOKING!
COOKING? YOU MEAN COOKED!


THE RESULTS ARE POSTED AT THE CRIME DERBY---
WINNER LOSER
LOSER WINNER
WINNER LOSER
LOSER
LOSE
LOSER WINNER SCARLET
SCARLET STOPPED THE USO ROBBERY, BOSS!

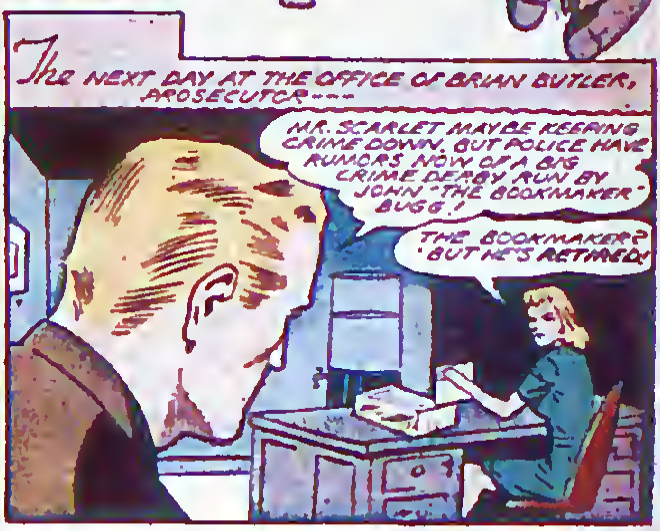
FIRST BET I LOST! CONFOUND THAT SCARLET! BUT I'M BETTING ON CRIME IN THE NEXT EVENT. SCARLET CAN'T BE LUCKY TWICE!


BUT WHEN ALL THE "FINALS" ARE IN...
CRIME LAW
LOSER WINNER
LOSER WINNER
LOSER WINNER
LOSER WINNER
LOSER WINNER
LOSER WINNER
LOSER WINNER

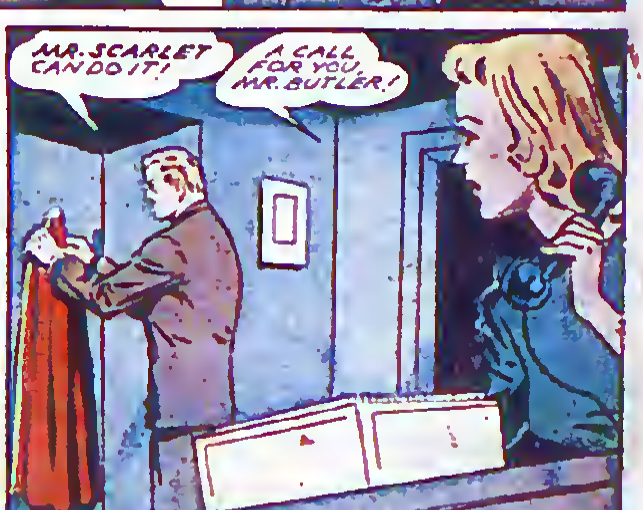
CLEANED OUT! BUT, ANYHEAD! --WHERE'D YOU GET THAT DOUGH?
I--I HAD A HUNCH MYSELF, BOSS! I--I PUT A BET ON SCARLET!

SO--EVEN YOU BET AGAINST ME! BUT TOMORROW'LL BE A DIFFERENT STORY! I'LL WIN BETTING AGAINST SCARLET. SEE IF I DON'T!

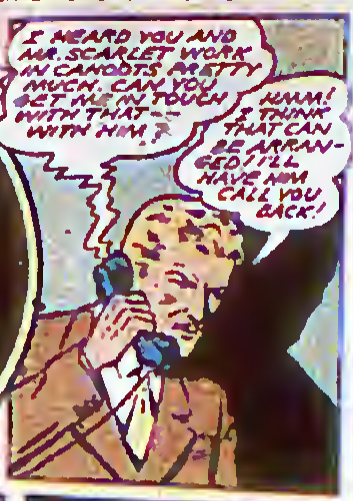
BUT HOW, BOSS? HE'S A FAVORITE!
GET WISE, CHUMP AIN'T YOU NEVER HEARD OF FIXING THE RACES?


THE NEXT DAY AT THE OFFICE OF BRIAN BUTLER, PROSECUTOR----
MR. SCARLET MAY BE KEEPING CRIME DOWN, BUT POLICE HAVE RUMORS NOW OF A BIG CRIME DERBY RUN BY JOHN "THE BOOKMAKER" BUGG!
THE BOOKMAKER? BUT HE'S RETIRED!

HE WAS! HE'S CORRUPTING THE CITY NOW WITH HIS CRIME BETTING. AS BRIAN BUTLER, I'VE GOT TO GET A CONVICTION AGAINST HIM!


MR. SCARLET CAN DO IT!
A CALL FOR YOU, MR. BUTLER!

BRIAN BUTLER? THIS IS THE BOOKMAKER CALLING!
WHA--? THE BOOKMAKER!


I HEARD YOU AND MR. SCARLET WORK IN CAHOOTS PRETTY MUCH. CAN YOU GET ME IN TOUCH WITH THAT-- WITH HIM?
HMM! I THINK THAT CAN BE ARRANGED! I'LL HAVE HIM CALL YOU BACK!

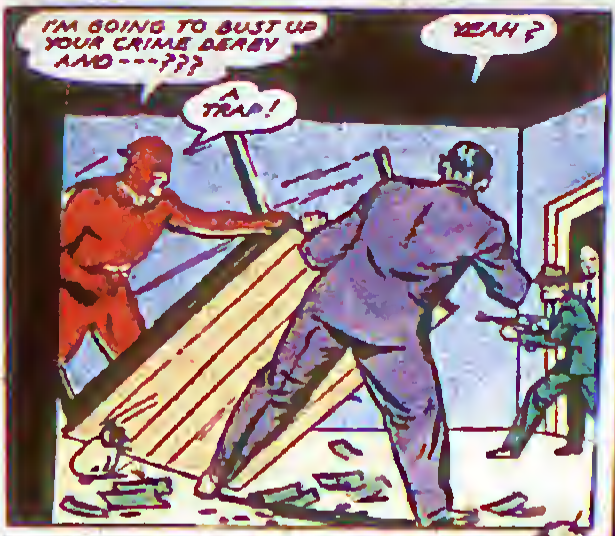
TEN MINUTES LATER...
HELLO! SCARLET SPEAKING!
SCARLET? I GOT A PROPOSITION FOR YOU! MEET ME ELM AND MAIN --A--IF YOU AIN'T SCARED!

PROPOSITION, EH? LET'S SEE WHAT IT IS!
RIGHT ON TIME. O.K. WAY, SCARLET!
ELM
MAIN
MAIN
ELM

WELL ??
I'VE BEEN BETTING AGAINST YOU, SCARLET--AND LOST! BUT I WANT TO WIN AFTER THIS. NOW YOU'RE A REASONABLE MAN, AINTCHA--?

CATCH ON?
BRIBERY? OKAY, I'LL TAKE IT --

BUT I'LL GIVE IT RIGHT BACK!


I'M GOING TO BUST UP YOUR CRIME BEAT AND ---???
YEAH ?
A TRAP!

WHAT'LL I START THE BETTING, BOYS! THE NOISE'LL COVER UP THE SHOTS!

I'M BETTING ON SCARLET!
ME TOO!
HA, HA! IF THEY ONLY KNEW THEIR FAVORITE IS IN MY BACK ROOM SCRATCHED OUT OF THE RACE!

HA, HA! LETS MAKE DA GREAT SCARLET SWEAT A WHILE!
WHERE'S PINKY? I TOLD HIM TO FOLLOW ME UP --IN CASE THIS WAS A TRAP!

HE ANSWER LIES ABOVE, ON THE ROOF ---
YEOW! WHAT AM I WAITING FOR?
HERE GOES, SCARLET! TOO BAD YER LEAVIN' US, HAW, HAW!

CHINS UP!

The CRIMSON CRIME-CRUSHING PAIR BRING FOUR MATCHLESS FISTS INTO ACTION!

NOT A HUNDRED FEET AWAY, IN THE CLAMOR-FILLED BETTING ROOM—

FINAL BETS, FOLKS! I'M COVERING ALL BETS ON SCARLET!

EVENT CRIME
ACKMAIL
TECTION
RGLARY
URDER
INDLE
BREAK

I'M BETTING A MILLION ON SCARLET!

EH? WHERE'S YOUR MONEY, WISE GUY?

IT'S RIGHT HERE—IN MY FIST!

ULPS! MR. SCARLET! B-BUT YOU WOULDN'T HIT A MAN WEARING GLASSES?

WHAT GLASSES?

A FIGHT!

WHERE?

IT'S SCARLET!

WHAT A BREAK! C'MON, PINHEAD!

LEMME SEE!

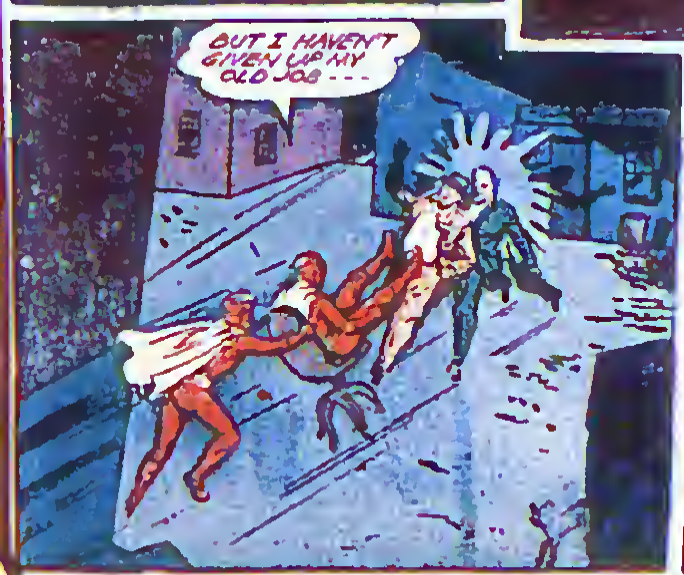
BUT THE MILLING CROWD SURGES CURIOUSLY AROUND, AND—

BOOKMAKER SLIPPED AWAY, SCARLET!
HMM! LOOKS LIKE A BETTING SLIP ON A BANK ROBBERY I WONDER
ROBBERY
Second National midnight

MEANWHILE, BOOKMAKER JOINS THE WAITING BANDIT GANG...
YOU GOIN' YERSELF, BOOK-MAKER?
I'VE GOT ALL MY MONEY IN THIS! I'M GOING TO SEE THAT CRIME WINS THIS TIME -- IN PERSON!

PSSST! THERE'S THE NIGHT WATCHMAN! SNEAK UP ON HIM!

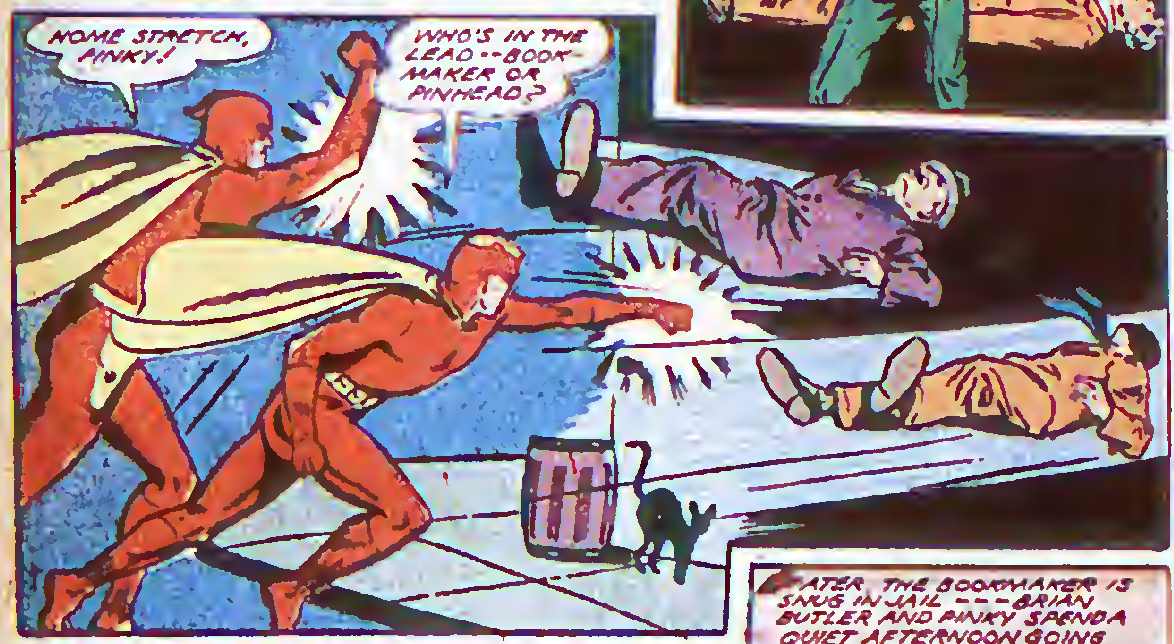
MR. SCARLET! WOT TH--?
HI! I TOOK THIS NEW JOB OF WATCHMAN FIVE MINUTES AGO!

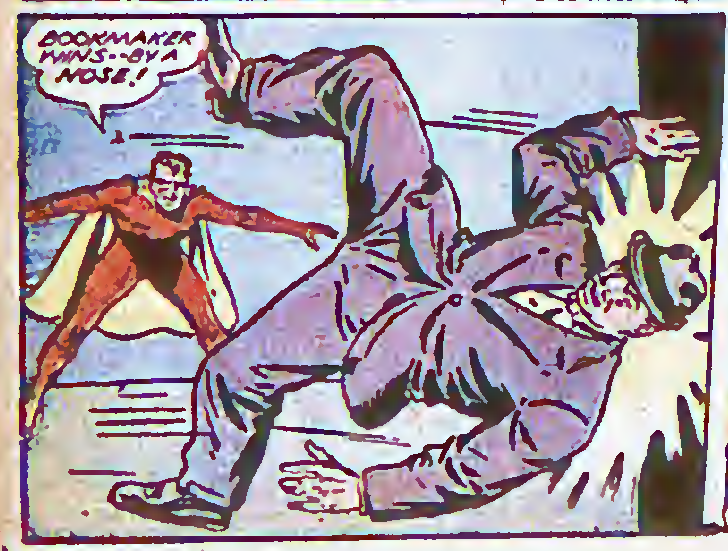

BUT I HAVEN'T GIVEN UP MY OLD JOB ---

I'M STILL A CROOK-SMASHER!

TWO-TO-ONE YOU DON'T GET AWAY, BOOKMAKER!
AWRKKK!

HALA! GET OFF! I'M NOT A HORSE!
MAYBE NOT — BUT YOU'RE A HORSE'S NECK ANYWAY!


HOME STRETCH, PINKY!
WHO'S IN THE LEAD--BOOKMAKER OR PINHEAD?


BOOKMAKER WINS--BY A NOSE!

LATER, THE BOOKMAKER IS SNUG IN JAIL ---BRIAN BUTLER AND PINKY SPENDA QUIET AFTERNOON GOING OVER THEIR RECORDS---
WELL, THE BOOKMAKER'S REALLY MADE A PHOTO-FINISH!
CRACK DOWN ON WORLD CRIMINALS!
BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS.

COMMANDO YANK

WHAT IS THE CURSE OF DAMBALLA? OUT OF THE DARK MYSTERY OF THE AFRICAN JUNGLE COMES THIS STRANGE TALE OF THREE NAZI OFFICERS WHO SCOFFED AT NATIVE SUPERSTITION...AND WHAT HAPPENED TO THEM AFTERWARD. COMMANDO YANK PLUNGES INTO THE AGE-OLD DARKNESS OF UNKNOWN AFRICA TO FIND THE ANSWER TO A MODERN MYSTERY... AND LEARNS THERE ARE RIDDLES OLDER THAN THE MIND OF MAN..... STRANGE EVENTS NO MAN CAN EXPLAIN THAT HAPPEN IN

—THE LAND WHERE DARKNESS REIGNS!—

VORWAERTS!

WHA'...!
NAZIS!

EATH --- THREE-THOUSAND MILES FROM THE NEAREST BATTLE-FRONT!
BANG!
BANG!
BANG

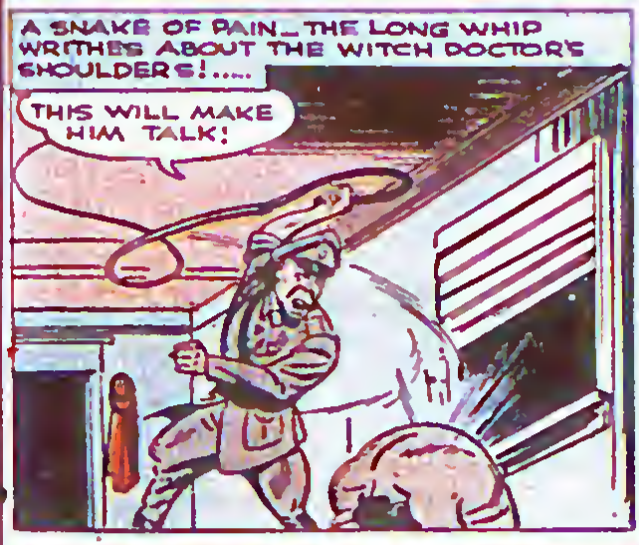
THEY ARE DEAD, HERR KAPITAN!
GUT!
A NICE CLEAN JOB!

THEY DID NOT PREPARE! SO THEY PAID THE PENALTY!
SYMPATHY IS WASTED ON THEM!

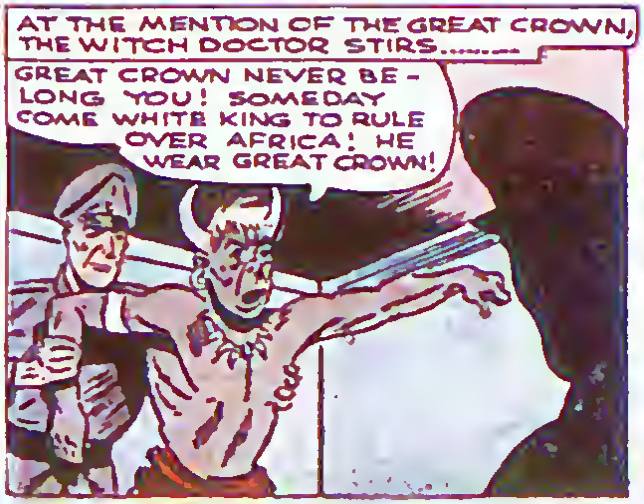
SOMETIME LATER, THE NATIVE WITCH DOCTOR IS SUMMONED
HE DID NOT MAKE TROUBLE, HERR KAPITAN! HE SAYS HE WANTS TO BE FRIENDS!
WE WILL BE FRIENDS IF HE WILL TELL US WHERE THE GREAT CROWN IS HIDDEN!

NO TELL! NO TELL!

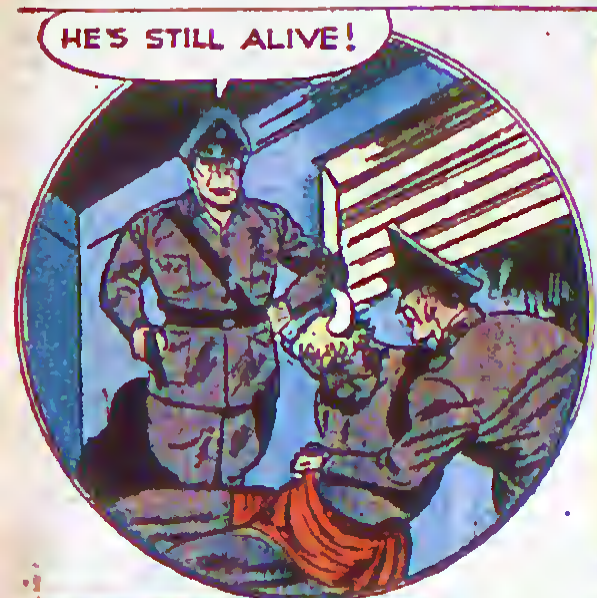
I KNOW HOW TO CONVINCE THESE IGNORANT NATIVES! GET AWAY FROM HIM, SCHULTZ!
HERR KAPITAN, YOU CAN'T LEARN ANYTHING FROM THESE NATIVES BY BEATING THEM!

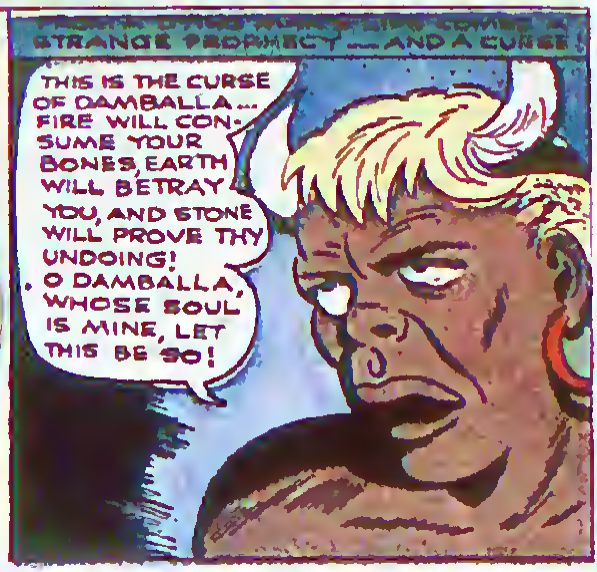

A SNAKE OF PAIN... THE LONG WHIP WRITHES ABOUT THE WITCH DOCTOR'S SHOULDERS!.....
THIS WILL MAKE HIM TALK!

AGAIN AND AGAIN THE HEAVY WHIP COMES DOWN, BEATING THE NATIVE INTO UNCONSCIOUSNESS!
IT WILL DO NO GOOD TO BEAT HIM NOW! HE CANNOT FEEL IT!
STUPID SWINE! HE COULD HAVE SAVED HIMSELF BY TELLING US WHERE TO FIND THE GREAT CROWN!

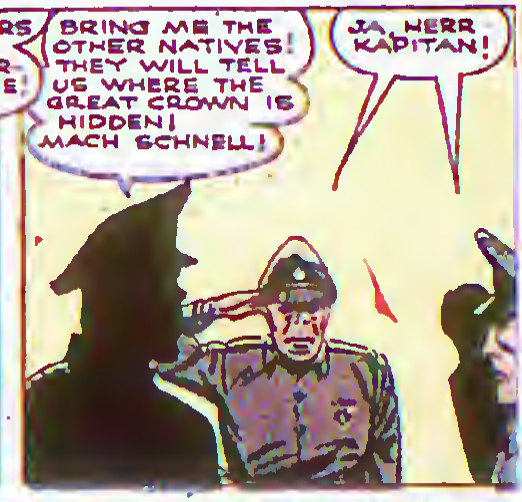

AT THE MENTION OF THE GREAT CROWN, THE WITCH DOCTOR STIRS.....
GREAT CROWN NEVER BELONG YOU! SOMEDAY COME WHITE KING TO RULE OVER AFRICA! HE WEAR GREAT CROWN!

THIS WILL CLOSE YOUR MOUTH FOR GOOD!
DON'T!
BLAM


HE'S STILL ALIVE!


STRANGE PROPHECY — AND A CURSE!
THIS IS THE CURSE OF DAMBALLA... FIRE WILL CONSUME YOUR BONES, EARTH WILL BETRAY YOU, AND STONE WILL PROVE THY UNDOING! O DAMBALLA, WHOSE SOUL IS MINE, LET THIS BE SO!

HE'S DEAD!
ACH! I DO NOT LIKE WHAT HE SAID!
WE ARE OFFICERS OF THE REICH! FORGET THIS SUPERSTITIOUS NONSENSE!


BRING ME THE OTHER NATIVES! THEY WILL TELL US WHERE THE GREAT CROWN IS HIDDEN! MACH SCHNELL!
JA, HERR KAPITAN!

AND MANY MILES AWAY, COMMANDO YANK - ONE-MAN OUTPOST OF FREEDOM'S FRONTIERS - GETS HIS MARCHING ORDERS.
THE JABUTA GARRISON DOESN'T ANSWER RADIO SIGNALS! I NEED A MAN WHO KNOWS THE JUNGLE TO GET THROUGH AND FIND OUT WHAT HAS HAPPENED!
I'LL DO MY BEST SIR!

AND SO THE LONG, DANGEROUS TREK BEGINS.....

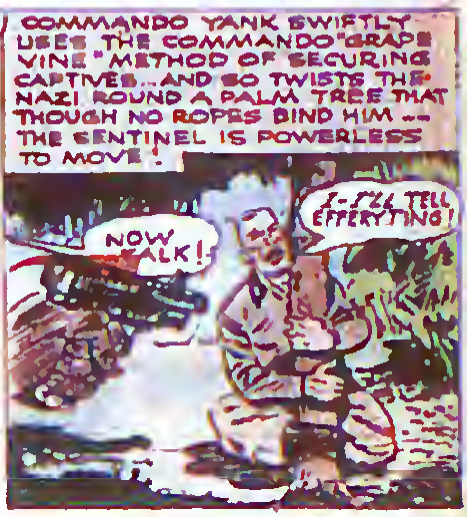
AT LAST COMMANDO YANK REACHES THE DISTANT JUNGLE OUTPOST....
DOESN'T SEEM TO BE A SIGN OF LIFE!

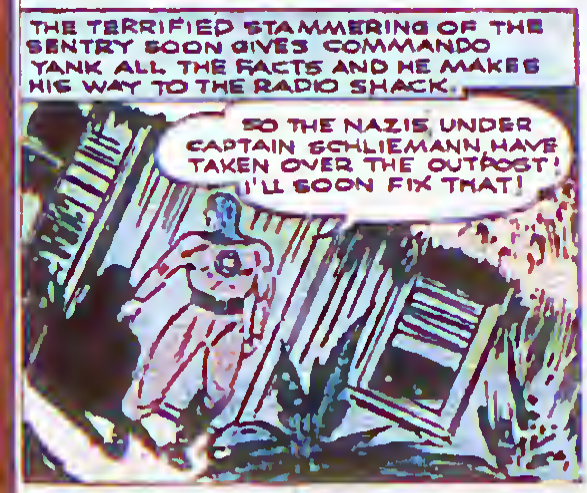
COMMANDO YANK DESCENDS TO THE CLEARING... AND FINDS A NAZI SENTRY ON GUARD
A SWASTIKA!

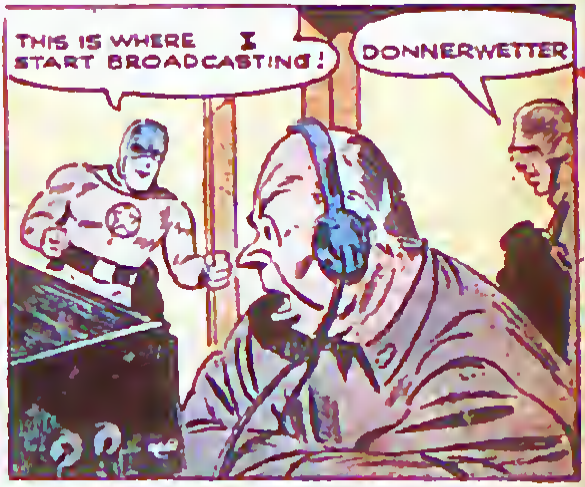
HERE'S WHERE I CAPTURE A NAZI!

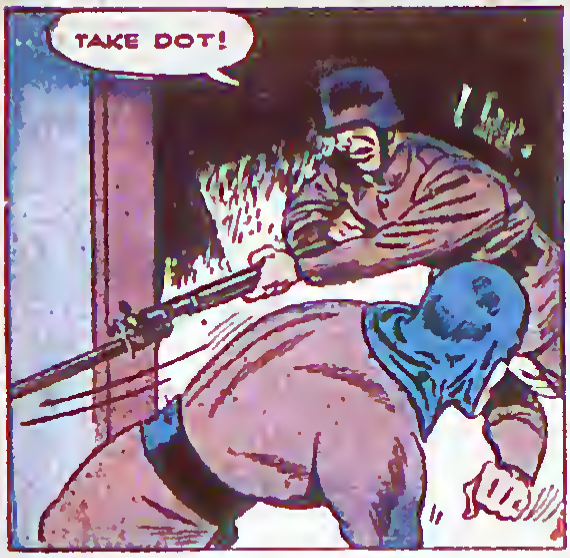
NOW... GO CLIMB A TREE!

THA-AT'S RIGHT.. CROSS YOUR LEGS AND MAKE YOURSELF COMFORTABLE!


COMMANDO YANK SWIFTLY USES THE COMMANDO "GRAPE VINE" METHOD OF SECURING CAPTIVES... AND SO TWISTS THE NAZI ROUND A PALM TREE THAT THOUGH NO ROPES BIND HIM -- THE SENTINEL IS POWERLESS TO MOVE!
NOW TALK!
I-I'LL TELL EFFERYTING!


THE TERRIFIED STAMMERING OF THE SENTRY SOON GIVES COMMANDO YANK ALL THE FACTS AND HE MAKES HIS WAY TO THE RADIO SHACK.
SO THE NAZIS UNDER CAPTAIN SCHLIEMANN HAVE TAKEN OVER THE OUTPOST! I'LL SOON FIX THAT!

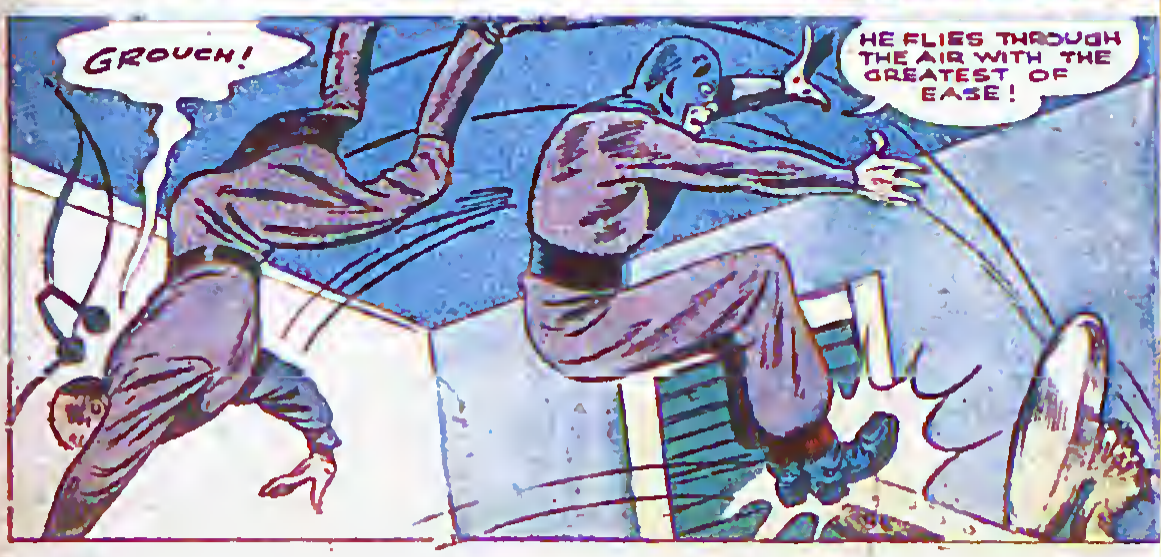

THIS IS WHERE I START BROADCASTING!
DONNERWETTER


TAKE DOT!

I HOPE THEY'LL BE ABLE TO PUT YOU TOGETHER AGAIN!
OOOF!

IS THAT NICE?

GNGGH


GROUCH!
HE FLIES THROUGH THE AIR WITH THE GREATEST OF EASE!

BUT DRAWN BY THE SOUND OF FIGHTING.....
HALT'S MAUL! WHAT IS GOING ON?

DEATH FOR COMMANDO TANK!
A COMMANDO! HE WILL NEVER LEAVE JABUTA ALIVE!

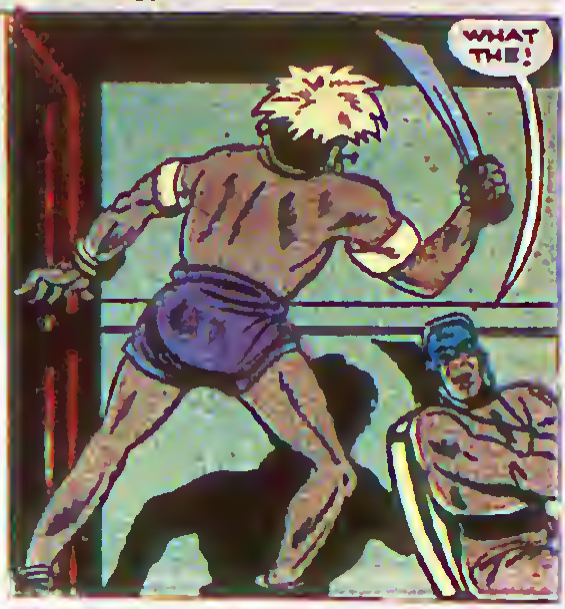
SUDDENLY.....
WHA--
ING!

WARILY THE NAZIS RETREAT.....
I DON'T SEE NODDINGS!
QUIET, FOOL! A NATIVE THREW THAT MACHETE! THERE MUST BE OTHERS LURKING IN THE WOODS!

HURRY! ROUSE THE MEN! WE'LL GO AFTER THE GREAT CROWN TONIGHT!
WHAT ABOUT THE COMMANDO?

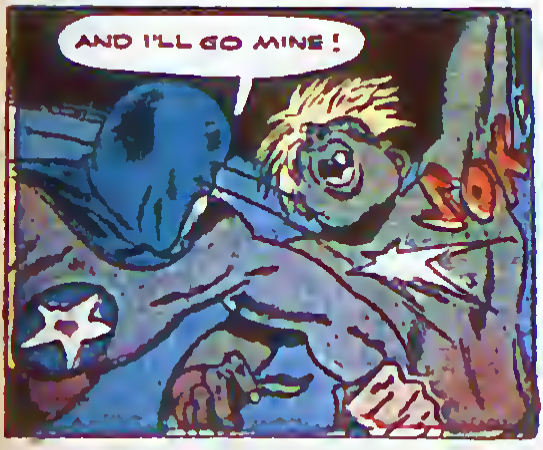
THOSE NATIVES WILL TAKE CARE OF HIM! ONCE WE HAVE THE GREAT CROWN, WE HAVE NOTHING TO FEAR!
WHAT TORTURE THIS BLACK SAVAGE ENDURED BEFORE HE TOLD US WHERE TO FIND IT!

MEANWHILE
JABUTA CALLING EAST AFRICA COMMAND... THE GARRISON HERE DESTROYED BY NAZIS... JABUTA CALLING EAST AFRICA COMMAND...


WHAT THE!

THANKS, BUT I DON'T WANT MY HAIR PARTED!
SWISH

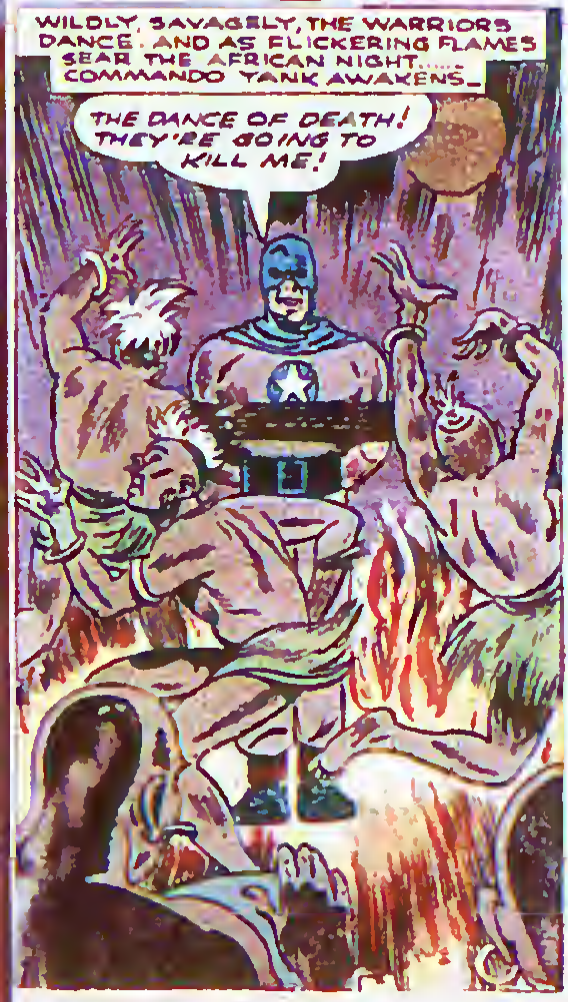
YOU GO YOUR WAY...


AND I'LL GO MINE!

YOU BOYS DON'T EVEN LIKE EACH OTHER!

BUT THE ODDS ARE TOO HEAVY... A WAR-CLUB PUTS AN END TO COMMANDO TANK'S RESISTANCE!
OHHH!

MANY HOURS LATER... THE DULL THROBBING OF DRUMS SIGNALS THE DAMBALLA DANCE OF DEATH!

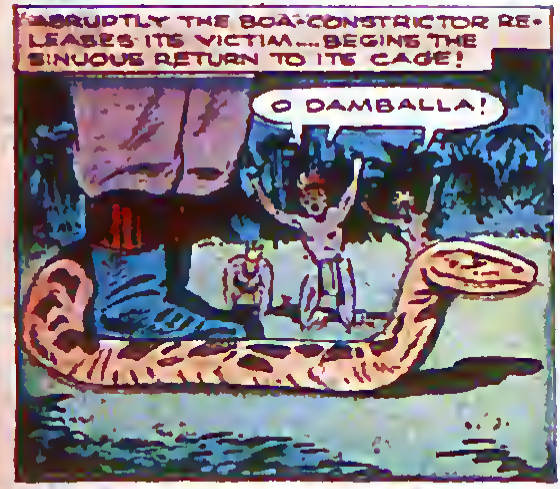

WILDLY, SAVAGELY, THE WARRIORS DANCE. AND AS FLICKERING FLAMES SEAR THE AFRICAN NIGHT..... COMMANDO TANK AWAKENS...
THE DANCE OF DEATH! THEY'RE GOING TO KILL ME!

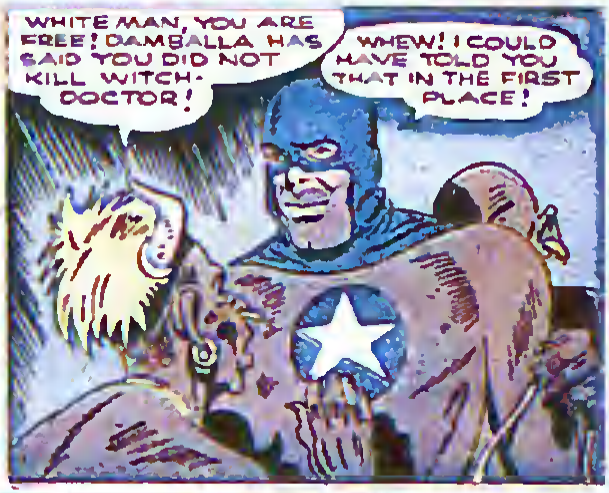
...TO FIND HIMSELF A HUMAN SACRIFICE! THEN FEARFUL SECONDS LATER, THE TRIBAL CHIEF INVOKES A DREADFUL DEITY.....
DAMBALLA!
O DAMBALLA!

A HUGE BOA-CONSTRICTOR UNCOILS ITS SINUOUS LENGTH FROM A WOODEN CAGE...FOR HERE IS THE "GOD" IN WHOSE HONOR THE SACRIFICE IS BEING MADE!
SO THAT'S THE DAMBALLA! THESE NATIVES WORSHIP A SNAKE!

THE DRUMS FALL SILENT ...THE NATIVES WATCH TENSELY AS THE SERPENT LAZILY WINDS ITS HUGE LENGTH ABOUT THE HELPLESS COMMANDO YANK.
IF I COULD ONLY BREAK THESE ROPES!

TIGHTER THE GIANT SNAKE WINDS ITS COILS...AND ITS BEADY EYES SEEM TO HOLD COMMANDO YANK IN THEIR HYPNOTIC STARE.
AN OLD SNAKE CHARMER ONCE TAUGHT ME A CERTAIN WHISTLE LET'S SEE...


ABRUPTLY THE BOA-CONSTRICTOR RELEASES ITS VICTIM...BEGINS THE SINUOUS RETURN TO ITS CAGE!
O DAMBALLA!


WHITE MAN, YOU ARE FREE! DAMBALLA HAS SAID YOU DID NOT KILL WITCH-DOCTOR!
WHEW! I COULD HAVE TOLD YOU THAT IN THE FIRST PLACE!

WE KNOW WHITE MAN KILL! SOUL OF WITCH-DOCTOR HE ENTER INTO DAMBALLA! DAMBALLA TELL US WHO KILL WITCH-DOCTOR!
I DON'T NEED ANY SNAKE TO TELL YOU WHO KILLED HIM! IT WAS THOSE NAZIS WHO'VE TAKEN OVER THE FORT!

SUDDENLY.....
LOOK! WHITE MEN, THEY GO TO GET GREAT CROWN!

UP THE WINDING MOUNTAIN TRAIL THE NAZI TROOPERS PICK THEIR WAY BY TORCHLIGHT..... TOWARD THE STONE-IDOL OF GAZA ON THE DISTANT SUMMIT.

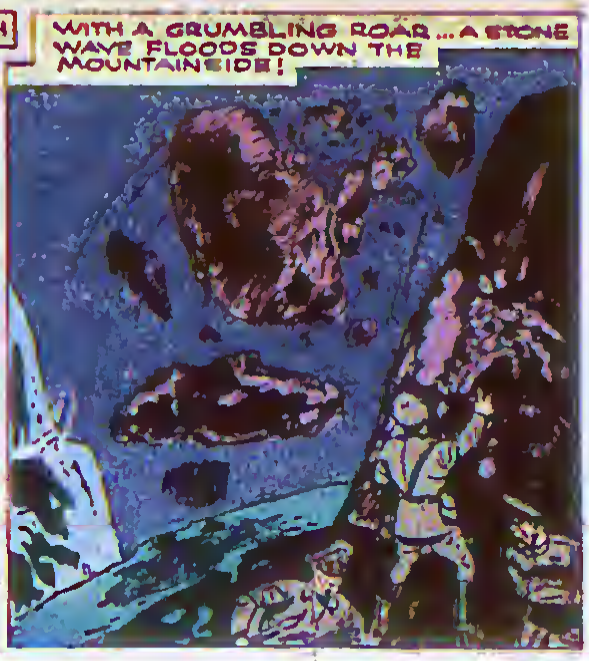
COMMANDO YANK LEARNS THE SECRET OF THE GREAT CROWN.....
WHEN THE EYES OF GAZA ARE AFLAME, WE KNOW WHITE RULER HAS COME! GAZA WILL GIVE HIM GREAT CROWN TO WEAR! ALL TRIBES IN AFRICA WILL FOLLOW HIM!

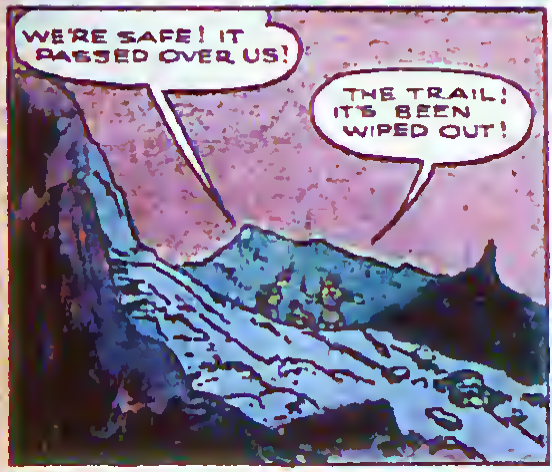
THOSE NAZIS ARE GOING TO MAKE ONE OF THEIR MEN THE WHITE RULER! THEY'LL BE ABLE TO TURN ALL AFRICA AGAINST THE ALLIES!
I'VE GOT TO STOP THEM!

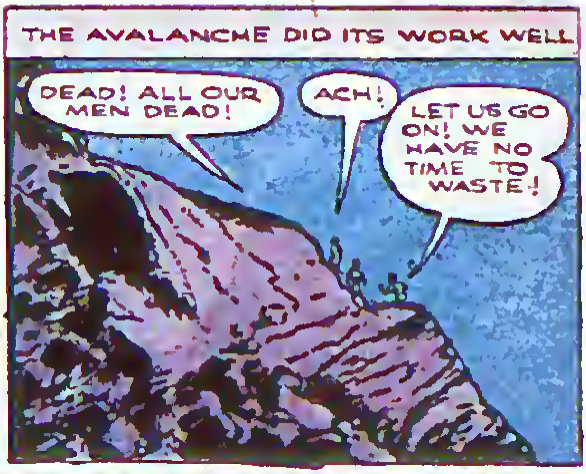
ISN'T THERE ANY OTHER WAY UP THAT MOUNTAIN?
ONLY BY CLIFF! NO WHITE MAN CAN CLIMB CLIFF!

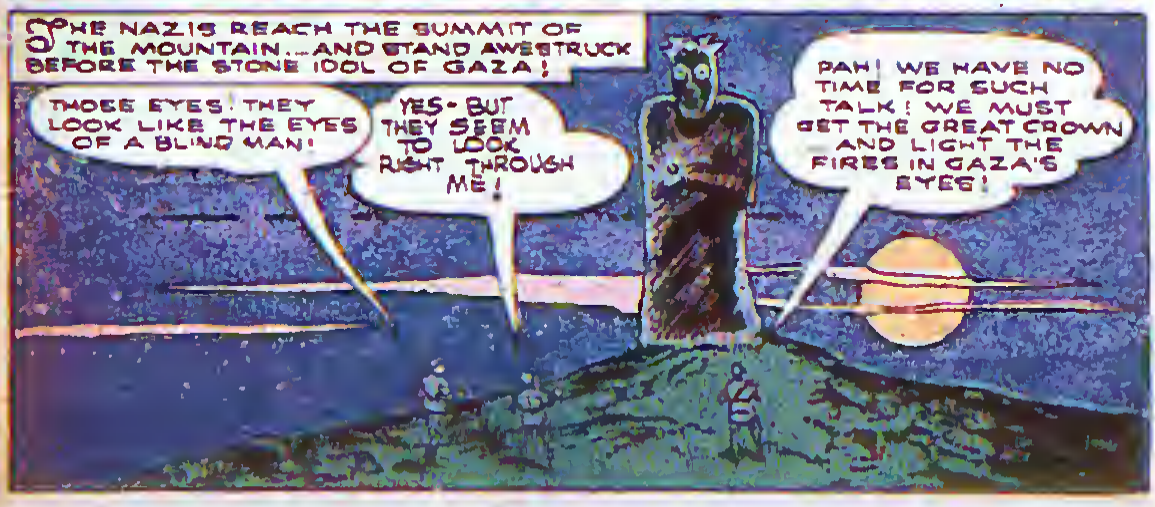
COMMANDO YANK PLUNGES INTO THE BRUSH.....
THEY HAVEN BEEN CURSED WITH THE CURSE OF DAMBALLA - THAT FIRE EARTH AND STONE WILL BRING THEM TO DESTRUCTION! THEY CANNOT ESCAPE!
MAYBE NOT! BUT I'M GOING TO MAKE CERTAIN!!

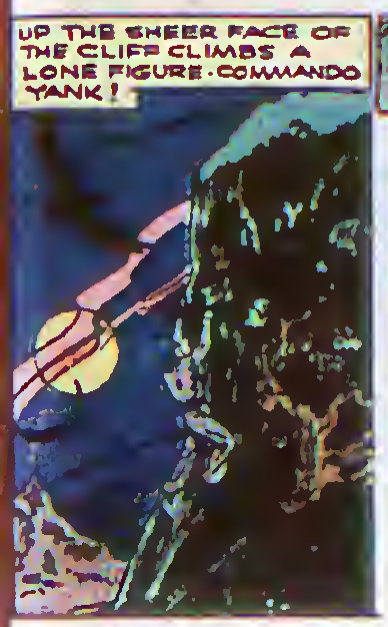
MEANWHILE, THE NAZIS ALMOST REACH THE SUMMIT....
DO YOU HEAR A NOISE? LIKE...
AVALANCHE!

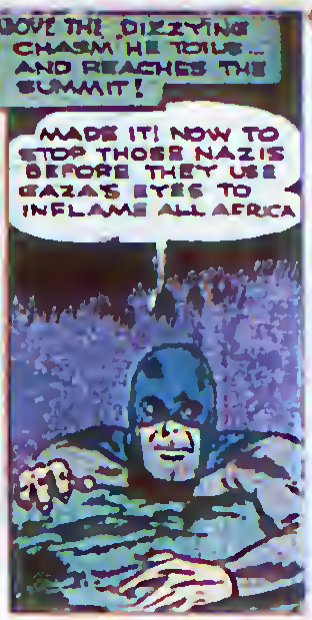

WITH A GRUMBLING ROAR...A STONE WAVE FLOODS DOWN THE MOUNTAINSIDE!


WE'RE SAFE! IT PASSED OVER US!
THE TRAIL! IT'S BEEN WIPED OUT!

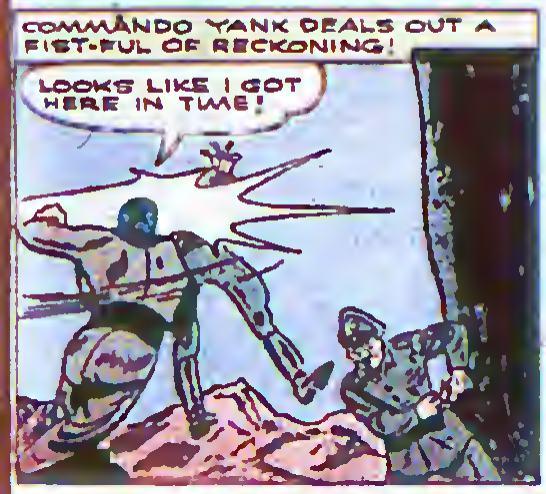

THE AVALANCHE DID ITS WORK WELL
DEAD! ALL OUR MEN DEAD!
ACH!
LET US GO ON! WE HAVE NO TIME TO WASTE!


THE NAZIS REACH THE SUMMIT OF THE MOUNTAIN...AND STAND AWESTRUCK BEFORE THE STONE IDOL OF GAZA!
THOSE EYES! THEY LOOK LIKE THE EYES OF A BLIND MAN!
YES - BUT THEY SEEM TO LOOK RIGHT THROUGH ME!
PAH! WE HAVE NO TIME FOR SUCH TALK! WE MUST GET THE GREAT CROWN AND LIGHT THE FIRES IN GAZA'S EYES!


UP THE SHEER FACE OF THE CLIFF CLIMBS A LONE FIGURE-COMMANDO YANK!


ABOVE THE DIZZYING CHASM HE TOILS... AND REACHES THE SUMMIT!
MADE IT! NOW TO STOP THOSE NAZIS BEFORE THEY USE GAZA'S EYES TO INFLAME ALL AFRICA

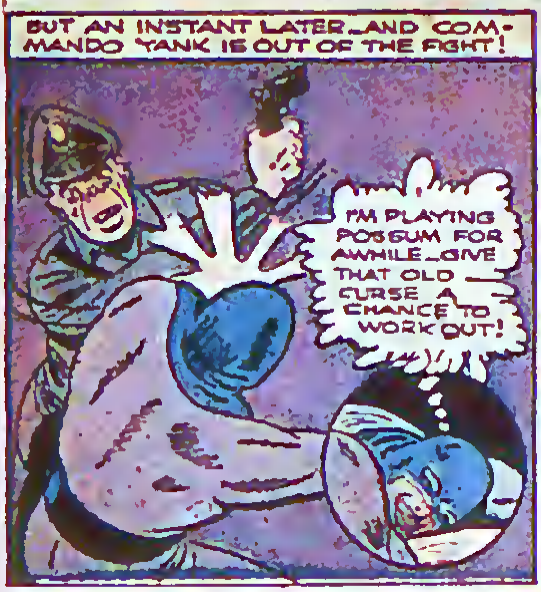
UP, KRIEG! AND DON'T FAIL!
IT'S HIM! IT'S THE COMMANDO!


COMMANDO YANK DEALS OUT A FIST-FUL OF RECKONING!
LOOKS LIKE I GOT HERE IN TIME!

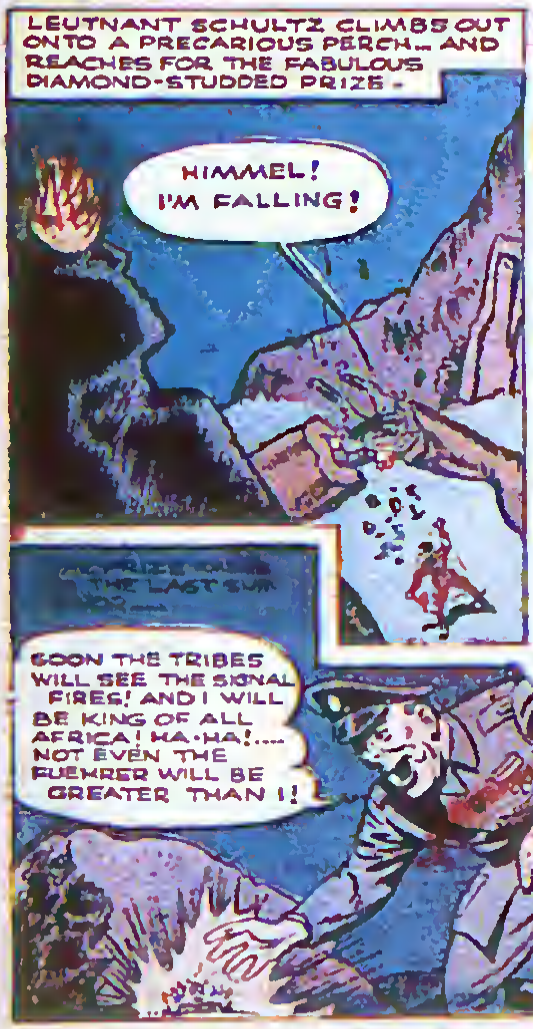
BUT UP ABOVE, UNTER LEUTENANT KRIEG HAS SET FIRE TO THE BRUSHWOOD WITH IN GAZA'S VACANT EYES
GET HIM, HERR KAPITAN! AND I HAVE HIM COVERED FROM HERE!

AN OLD COMMANDO TRICK, HERR KAPITAN!

A LUCKY SHOT! THE BULLET SMASHES INTO KRIEG.... HE PLUNGES BACKWARD INTO THE FLAMING EYE!
AAAAHHH
"FIRE WILL CONSUME YOUR BONES!"


BUT AN INSTANT LATER...AND COMMANDO TANK IS OUT OF THE FIGHT!
I'M PLAYING POSSUM FOR AWHILE...GIVE THAT OLD CURSE A CHANCE TO WORK OUT!

KRIEG WAS KILLED BY FIRE, HERR KAPITAN! JUST LIKE THE OLD WITCH-DOCTOR SAID!
FOOL! IT WAS AN ACCIDENT!...BRING ME THE GREAT CROWN!


LEUTNANT SCHULTZ CLIMBS OUT ONTO A PRECARIOUS PERCH... AND REACHES FOR THE FABULOUS DIAMOND-STUDDED PRIZE -
HIMMEL! I'M FALLING!
SOON THE TRIBES WILL SEE THE SIGNAL FIRES! AND I WILL BE KING OF ALL AFRICA! HA-HA!.... NOT EVEN THE FUEHRER WILL BE GREATER THAN I!

THE GREAT ARM OF GAZA SNAPS AT ITS BASE AND PLUNGES LEUTNANT SCHULTZ TO HIS DEATH!
THE IDOL WAS OF STONE! BUT THE ARM WAS MADE OF BAKED EARTH CLAY! IT COULD NOT SUPPORT HIS WEIGHT!
"THE EARTH WILL BETRAY YOU!"

HOW LITTLE OF AFRICA WE REALLY KNOW! FOR WHO CAN READ THE HIDDEN MYSTERY OF THE DARK JUNGLE? WHO CAN EXPLAIN THE STRANGE FATE OF THREE MEN— WHO DEFIED THE CURSE OF Dunballa?

BAYOU TURKEY by NATHANIEL NITKIN

"BUT PETE isn't a traitor!" she pleaded with Pat Kelly.

He shook his head. He was looking over Susie Lemaitre's head at the sluggish creek that flowed into the bayou. Grandpop Lamaitre's well built house was the only one on this side of Bayou St. Jean of Louisiana.

"You admit that we found your brother's cap beside Jack Billings' body?" Pat Kelly said bitterly. "Billings was my chief. He had trapped these saboteurs in the bayou. He was waiting for help. They killed him. Your brother was with them."

Pat Kelly was a young red-haired F.B.I. agent. He had been working with Jack Billings to catch saboteurs who had been landed from an U-boat. A local Bund had taken the spies aboard a camouflaged fishing boat and had taken them up the bayous as far as their boat could go. Since every member of the Bund was known and watched by other agents, Billings and Pat had concentrated on running down the saboteurs.

Susie said, "We thought they were hunters. They hired Pete to guide them. You know duck season's on now."

"We've heard that kind of story several times," Pat said. "We can't take a chance." He looked earnestly at Susie. She was a slim, brown-haired girl with the natural beauty of bayou women. He continued, "We'll have to arrest Pete first. If he's innocent, he'll be freed, but if he's guilty . . ."

"He's better off dead!" Grandpop Lemaitre said for the first time. He was a tall and gaunt man, a veteran of the Civil War. In spite of his age, his back was as straight as the time he had marched with General Beauregard.

"Grandfather!" Susie exclaimed.

Grandpop Lemaitre's eyes blazed fiercely. "There never was a traitor in our family. If Pete had backbone, he'd have stopped these Nazi rats from murdering Billings."

"Machine guns have authority," Pat said dryly.

Susie looked at him gratefully. "I'm sure Pete has nothing to do with the murder, much less with sabotage. Perhaps he planted his cap to tell a message."

"Perhaps," Pat said. His eyes were fixed thoughtfully on the bayou. "I remember distinctly that the brim of the cap was *pointing down* the bayou. I've been here quite a while, and I know that down the bayou, there's a channel that's quite a bottleneck to the other bayous."

"Then Pete was telling us that the saboteurs are going to flee down the channel," Susie insisted.

Even Grandpop Lemaitre was affected. Then Pat said, "All right. I'll take a chance, but I'll need your help. Can you get to the other side of the channel?"

"Sure. I'm still handy," Grandpop Lemaitre said.

"And I'd like to borrow your swamp wagon," Pat said.

"Take it," Grandpop Lemaitre said. "Susie, show him how to operate it."

"I'm going with him," Susie said. "I'll cut through the swamps to the channel."

"But it will be dangerous!" Pat protested.

However the stubborn look in Susie's eyes told him that it would be useless to hold her back.

They made their plans then, the three of them. Grandpop Lemaitre was to go down one side of the bayou and Susie and Pat Kelly were to go down the other. If the saboteurs were still in the bayou at all, they would be caught.

Pat said, looking at Susie. "Your brother might—just might, I say—be among them, working with them. Are you absolutely sure you want to go along?"

Susie's eyes flashed fire. "Pete isn't working with them! And I am absolutely sure that I'm going along, Mr. Pat Kelly. And you can't stop me."

"Nobody ever could stop her," Grandpop Lemaitre said dryly. "Not any of my grandchildren kin be stopped."

"Down South here we don't breed traitors!" Susie said to Pat. "My brother honestly believed these saboteurs were hunters. I know he did. Why shouldn't he? And I know that he'd die before he'd help them!"

"I hope you're right," Pat Kelly said. But in his secret heart he thought she might be protesting too much, that she was afraid . . .

"Let's get started. Pete might be in danger from those Nazi dogs," Susie said.

THE SWAMP wagon was a tractor-like body that rested on huge steel drums for wheels. The rear drums were spiked for better traction in the slippery swamp.

Pat climbed to the high seat behind the engine and placed his automatic rifle on the floorboards. Susie was already in the driver's seat, and she waited for him to give word. He glanced at his watch and remarked:

"This should give Grandpop enough time to reach the other side of the bayou channel at the same time we do."

She nodded and started the engine. She backed the wagon out of its stall and turned around. Then she drove toward cattails and hummocks. The spikes cut into the oozing marshes.

They jostled and twisted so

violently that Pat held to the seat handbars to avoid being thrown off the wagon. Then they came to a canebrake and over a slight rise. Susie stopped the car and shut off power.

Pat seized his rifle and sprang clear to ground. It was firm, though it was exceedingly damp. He helped Susie down. Then they dropped on their knees and crawled through the canebrake to the water's edge.

Pat saw nothing but the broad bayou. He squinted to the other side, but all he could see was unbroken canebrake. However he knew that Grandpop Lamaitre was hiding there.

Overhead, wild ducks and geese were flying south, on their annual migration. A squadron of water birds settled on the bayou to feed. It was so peaceful that Pat wondered if he had not made a bad guess. Perhaps Pete's cap pointed toward the channel by accident, and the young man was guilty.

He looked at Susie, who was lying close to him. He imagined that she had the same thoughts, because her face was white, and there was fear in her eyes.

As he studied the bayou and the ducks, he frowned. Then his eyes lit and he winked at Susie.

Pat rose. Cupping his hands, he clucked rapidly. The sound was peculiar, like a turkey gobbling in the dry wilds of Texas.

He stopped and found Susie staring at him with wide open eyes. He winked at her again, and began to gobble once more. Suddenly the ducks on the bayou flapped their wings with alarm and skimmed over the water before taking off.

Far up the bayou, a couple of punts were coming down slowly. Then Pat felt Susie's breath coming out in short sobs. He touched her arm, the signal to keep quiet. He continued to gobble.

Presently the punts were entering the little channel that formed a bottleneck between the two canebrakes. Pat dropped on his belly and cautiously poked his automatic rifle through the canebrakes. He aimed at the party.

There were six men in the punts, three on each boat. Except for a bareheaded boy of fifteen, the occupants were hard-faced men. Three of them were unmistakably Prussian in cast, and the others were probably traitors who had gone to Germany to study sabotage in the Gestapo school. The boy, Pete Lemaitre, was crouching in the first punt.

Pat gobbled again, and the men looked at the canebrakes with alarm. One of them kicked Pete, who protested. Pat gobbled once more, this time with urgency in his voice.

Suddenly Pete rose and dived off the punt. The Nazi saboteurs drew their automatics, but before they fired, Pat shouted authoritatively:

"Drop your guns, or you're dead men!"

Two Nazis fired into the canebrakes. Pat pressed the trigger of his rifle, and the loud report reverberated in the quiet bayou. A smaller report echoed from the other side.

The two saboteurs, in different punts, twisted their bodies with surprise. Their knees buckled. One of them fell like a log into the bayou. The other raised his automatic waveringly, full upon Pete who was swimming for his life. For a full second, the air was still with electrical suspense. Then the Nazi's twitching fingers opened, and his automatic splashed into the bayou. He collapsed, almost capsizing his punt.

Pat shouted, "All right. Drop your guns and come to this shore. One by one, remember."

Pete Lemaitre clambered onto the shore. His young eyes looked haggarded and weary. He shook the water from his clothes much the way a puppy does.

"Gosh, Sis!" he exclaimed as Susie came running up to him. But he had no more time for her just then. He grabbed the gun from her hand and turned it on to the Nazi saboteurs who were straggling toward shore.

"Himmel!" one of them suddenly shouted and tried to run through the water toward shore. His knees buckled and he seemed to be in a blind panic.

Those on shore saw then what was the cause of this. A large, sinuous, gray bump had lifted itself up close by the running Nazi. It was one of the many vicious, man-eating alligators that infested the bayous!

The alligator snapped at the Nazi, catching him by the leg. The man stumbled, face-down into the water. Then to the appalled eyes of those on shore came the mad scene of a short, ugly struggle, a thrashing of water. Only a growing red stain upon the sluggish bayou water was left when the quick, uneven battle between man and beast was over. The alligator glided away unconcernedly . . .

The remaining Nazis stared, mouths hanging open. It was almost with a look of relief upon their faces that they surrendered to the guns held upon them by Pat and Pete.

IT WAS in Grandpop Lemaitre's house, where the captive saboteurs were tied soundly, that Pat explained to Susie and Grandpop:

"Pete did leave his cap to tell us where they were going. I forgot one thing. The bayou forks, and he was risking his life to lead the saboteurs to a blind alley so they'd be trapped. Isn't that true?"

Pete nodded. "Yes. It was your turkey call that put me right."

Pat continued, "Turkeys don't live in the bayous. You told me that Pete guides hunters, didn't you? Well, he'd be an expert on game, and if he heard something out of ordinary, like a turkey in a canebrake, he'd know that it'd not be a turkey, but a man. The saboteurs don't know bayous long. That's how I warned Pete and he brought the saboteurs to the ambush."

"I'm proud of you, Pete," Susie said. And then she turned to Pat Kelly and smiled demurely. Softly, shyly, she added: "And of you too, Pat. Very proud!"

The End

The Big 3 in Comics

GET YOURS AT YOUR FAVORITE NEWSSTAND..

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1913, OF AMERICA'S GREATEST COMICS, published quarterly at Louisville, Ky., for October 1, 1942.

State of Connecticut }
County of Fairfield } ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Gordon Fawcett, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of AMERICA'S GREATEST COMICS and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publisher, Fawcett Publications, Inc., Greenwich, Conn.; Editor, Ted Reed, East Rockaway, L. I., N. Y.; Managing Editor, Ralph Dolph, New Rochelle, N. Y.; Business Manager, Gordon Fawcett, Stamford, Conn.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If the owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Fawcett Publications, Inc., Greenwich, Conn.; W. H. Fawcett, Jr., Norwalk, Conn.; Marion Rudd, Tulsa, Okla.; Roger Fawcett, Larchmont, N. Y.; Gordon Fawcett, Stamford, Conn.; Bruce Kent Fawcett, Greenwich, Conn.; Amy Zinnes, Greenwich, Conn.; W. H. Fawcett Trust, Greenwich, Conn.; Bessie Fawcett Trust, Minneapolis, Minn.; John Fawcett, Los Angeles, Calif.; Virginia Lee Buckley, Santa Barbara, Calif.; Fawcett Publications, Inc., Greenwich, Conn.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain the only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the name of otherwise, to paid subscribers during the twelve months preceding the date shown above is [illegible] (This information is required from daily publications only.)

GORDON FAWCETT,
Business Manager.

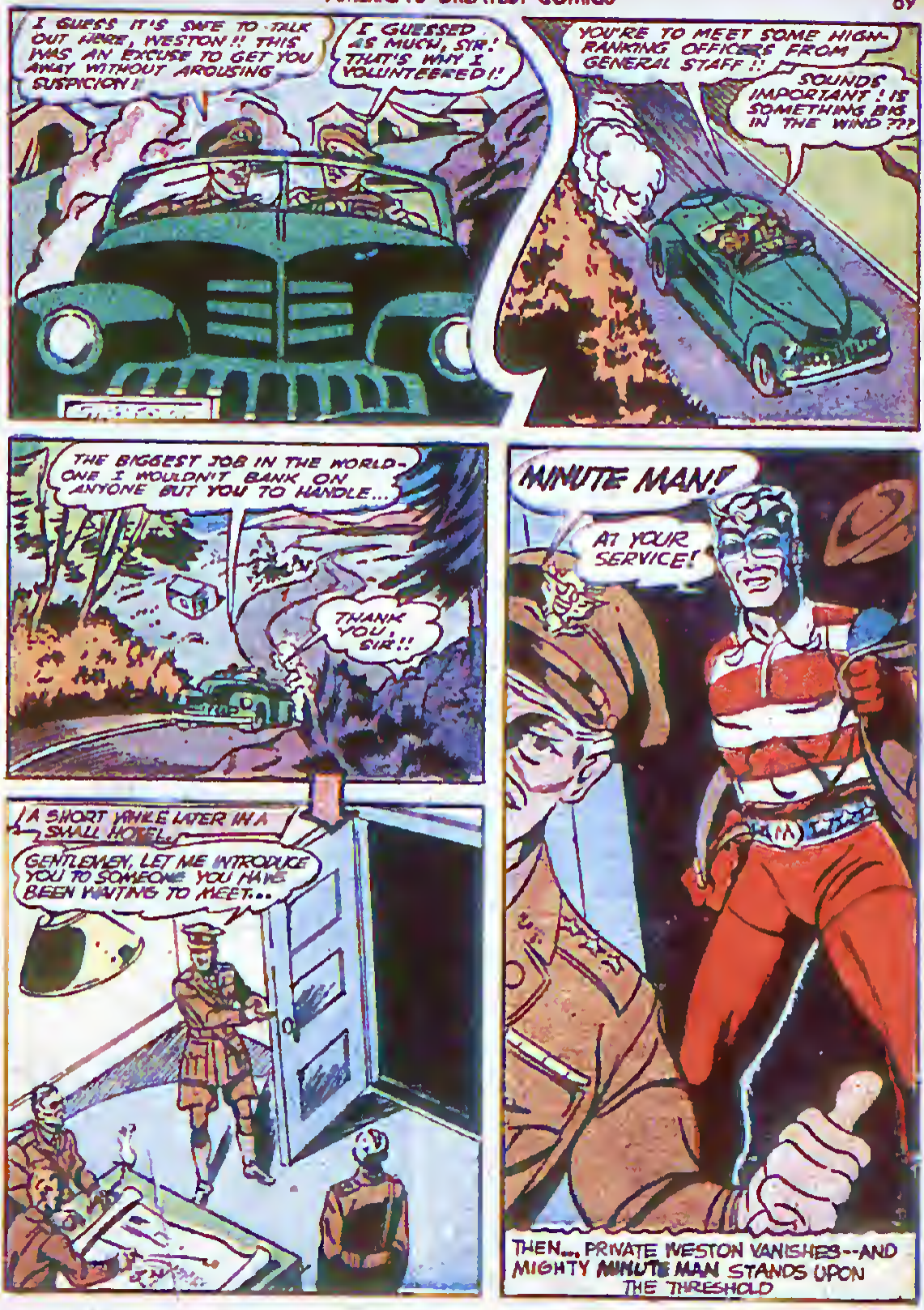
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 25th day of September, 1942.

(Seal) LILLIAN M. BUSHLEY,
Notary Public.

(My commission expires February 1, 1943.)

MINUTE MAN
THE ONE MAN ARMY!
"THE HYPNOTIZED TOWN"
BUY VICTORY BONDS
BUY VICTORY BONDS
OUT OF THE NIGHT THEY CAME, THE SCURRYING FURTIVE RATS OF TYRANNY, TO GNAW AT THE FOUNDATIONS OF AMERICA'S GREATEST WAR BOND DRIVE!!
BUT AMERICA HAD AN ANSWER TO THEIR CHALLENGE— A TWO-FISTED ANSWER— MINUTE MAN, THE ONE MAN ARMY!!! CALLED BACK FROM HIS NEW ASSIGNMENT AS A SUPER G-2 ARMY INTELLIGENCE OPERATIVE, MINUTE MAN WAS GIVEN JUST ONE ORDER— THE WAR BOND DRIVE MUST GO OVER!! AND THAT TURNED OUT TO BE THE FIGHTINGEST ORDER IN HIS WHOLE FIGHTING CAREER!!!

CAMP RUX WHERE PRIVATE JACK WESTON HAS JUST JOINED A COMPANY OF RAW ROOKIES!!
AWRIGHT, YOU BIRDS!! AT EASE!! I GOT SOME GOOD NEWS FOR ONE OF YOU..
I NEED A VOLUNTEER FOR A SOFT JOB!! WHO WANTS TO TAKE THE DAY OFF AND DRIVE THE GENERAL'S CAR??
WELL-L-L-L .. SPEAK UP!!
CAN'T YOUSE GUYS TALK??
I'LL VOLUN...
SH-H-H! DON'T BE A SAP, WESTON!! THAT'S AN OLD ARMY GAG!! THE GENERAL'S CAR IS A WHEELBARROW YOU GOTTA PUSH ALL DAY IN THE SUN!!
I THOUGHT I HEARD A VOLUNTEER!! COME RIGHT ALONG WITH ME, WESTON!
Y-YES, SIR!!
THERE GOES AN A 1 SUCKER!!
GLAD I DIDN'T BITE ON THAT GAG! POOR WESTON, PUSHIN' DIRT ALL DAY!!
FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER...
DRIVE TO ATLANTIC BEACH, PRIVATE WESTON!!
YES, SIR!


I GUESS IT'S SAFE TO TALK OUT HERE, WESTON!! THIS WAS AN EXCUSE TO GET YOU AWAY WITHOUT AROUSING SUSPICION!
I GUESSED AS MUCH, SIR! THAT'S WHY I VOLUNTEERED!!
YOU'RE TO MEET SOME HIGH-RANKING OFFICERS FROM GENERAL STAFF!!
SOUNDS IMPORTANT! IS SOMETHING BIG IN THE WIND??
THE BIGGEST JOB IN THE WORLD-ONE I WOULDN'T BANK ON ANYONE BUT YOU TO HANDLE...
THANK YOU, SIR!!
A SHORT WHILE LATER IN A SMALL HOTEL...
GENTLEMEN, LET ME INTRODUCE YOU TO SOMEONE YOU HAVE BEEN WAITING TO MEET...
MINUTE MAN!
AT YOUR SERVICE!
THEN... PRIVATE WESTON VANISHES--AND MIGHTY MINUTE MAN STANDS UPON THE THRESHOLD

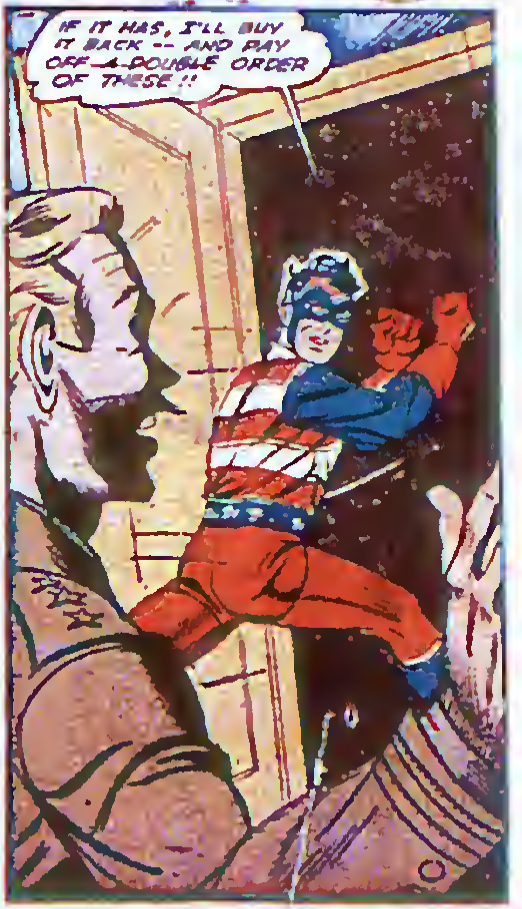
THIS IS A PLEASURE!! EVERYONE ADMIRES THE JOB YOU'RE DOING FOR AMERICA!!
THANK YOU! I TAKE IT THERE'S A NEW JOB TO BE DONE??

A BIG JOB! THE MINUTE MAN OF LONG AGO HAS BEEN HELPING US SELL WAR STAMPS AND BONDS, BUT WE NEED THE COURAGE AND RESOURCEFULNESS OF OUR MODERN MINUTE MAN - ACTION AS WELL AS TRADITION!!

DOES THAT MEAN TROUBLE ON THE BOND DRIVE??
PLENTY! AXIS AGENTS ARE DOING EVERYTHING TO SABOTAGE THE SALE OF STAMPS AND BONDS!! MURDER, ROBBERY, INTIMIDATION...

YOU'LL BE TURNED LOOSE - GIVEN A FREE HAND - TO PROTECT AND PROMOTE THE BOND DRIVE AS ONLY MINUTE MAN CAN!!
FOR VICTORY BUY
FINE! WHERE DO I BEGIN?

WE'RE PUZZLED ABOUT SINGER CITY! BOND AND STAMP SALES HAVE FALLEN OFF. THERE'S A LOT OF SEDITIOUS WHISPERS, PEOPLE ACT STRANGELY!
MILITARY SECRETS ARE LEAKING OUT OF WAR PLANTS THERE, TOO. IT'S AS IF THE WHOLE CITY HAD SOLD OUT TO THE ENEMY!!

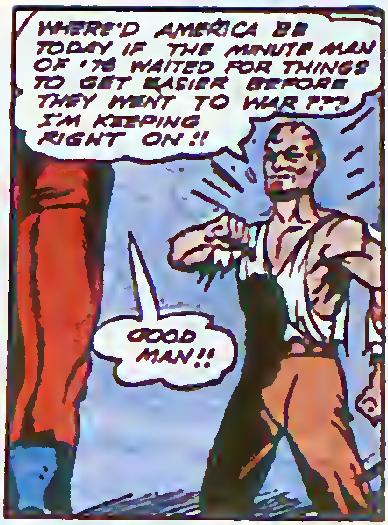

IF IT HAS, I'LL BUY IT BACK -- AND PAY OFF - A DOUBLE ORDER OF THESE!!

A FEW HOURS LATER...
SINGER CITY'S A LIVELY TOWN! IT DOESN'T LOOK LIKE A COMMUNITY OF TRAITORS!!
SINGER
SINGER CITY CAFE
AS MINUTE MAN TURNS A CORNER HE COMES UPON A BLOODY, ONE-SIDED, FIST FIGHT!
OH-OH!! THREE TO ONE'S NOT MY IDEA OF EVEN-STEPHEN!! GUESS I'LL TAKE A HAND...
SMACK!
BUFF!
BANG
PUFF - COME ON, YOU AXIS RATS!!! YOU CAN'T - PUFF - DISH OUT ANYTHING AN AMERICAN CAN'T TAKE!!!
CLOSE IN! TEACH DER SCHWEIN A LESSON!!
SORRY, BOYS, BUT I'M THE NEW TEACHER!!
OOOOFF!!!
AND SPEAKING OF TEACHING LESSONS...

... YOU BOYS COULD USE A GOOD CLASS IN FIRST AID!!
BOY, I'LL TELL MY GRANDCHILDREN ABOUT THE TIME I SAW MINUTE MAN IN ACTION!!!

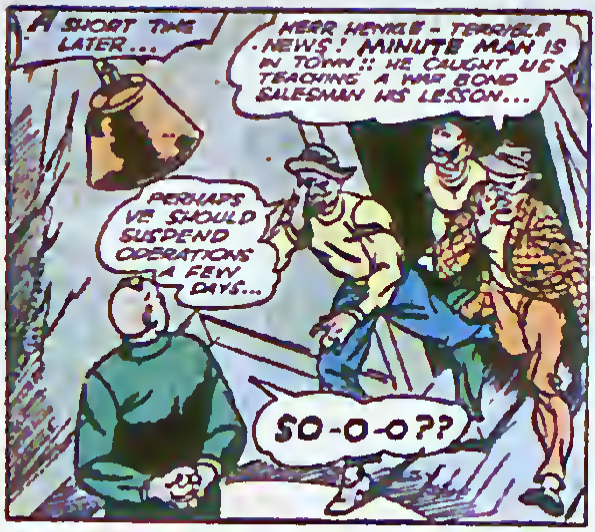
TELL ME, WHAT WAS THE IDEA OF THE MOB PICNIC ON YOU ???
I'M SAM GUILD, A WAR BOND MINUTE MAN!! THESE THUGS HAVE BEEN BEATING US UP... TO MAKE US QUIT SELLING BONDS AND STAMPS!!!

LOOKS LIKE I CAME TO THE RIGHT PLACE! YOU LAY OFF A FEW DAYS UNTIL I GET TO THE HEART OF THIS MESS AND...
SORRY, MINUTE MAN! I CAN'T TAKE THAT ADVICE...


WHERE'D AMERICA BE TODAY IF THE MINUTE MAN OF '76 WAITED FOR THINGS TO GET EASIER BEFORE THEY WENT TO WAR ???
I'M KEEPING RIGHT ON!!
GOOD MAN!!

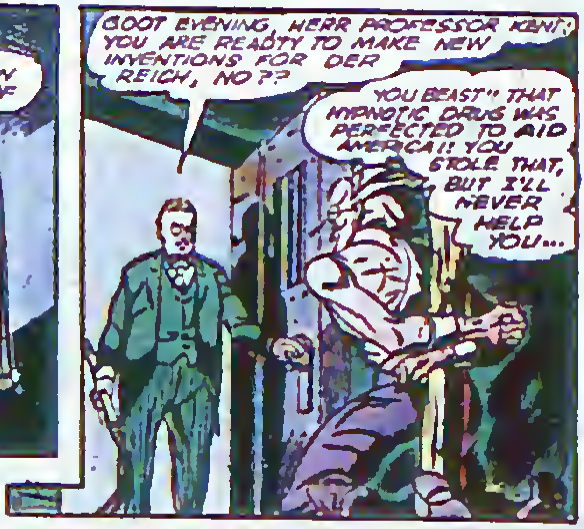
WHAT'S GONE WRONG WITH THIS TOWN, ANYHOW ?
I CAN'T FIGURE! WE WERE TOPS IN BOND AND STAMP SALES: THEN SUDDENLY EVERYBODY SEEMED TO TURN TRAITOR! IT'S HORRIBLE, NOW!

YOU WON'T HAVE TO HUNT FOR ENEMIES HERE!! THEY'LL COME RIGHT UP AND START SELLING TREASON ON THE STREETS!!
NOT MORE THAN ONCE THEY WON'T, I PROMISE YOU THAT!!
SINKER CITY


A SHORT TIME LATER...
HERR HENKLE - TERRIBLE NEWS! MINUTE MAN IS IN TOWN!! HE CAUGHT US TEACHING A WAR BOND SALESMAN HIS LESSON...
PERHAPS VE SHOULD SUSPEND OPERATIONS A FEW DAYS...
SO-O-O??

NO! MIT OUR HYPNOGUM VE HAFF DER TOWN UNDER OUR THUMB! VE VILL KEEP ON UNDT DRAW MINUTE MAN INTO EXPOSING HIMSELF...

...DEN VE SHALL CRUSH HIM AS DER FUEHRER VILL CRUSH AMERICA!!
NOW I GO DOWN TO TAKE CARE OF DOT PROFESSOR AGAIN...


GOOT EVENING, HERR PROFESSOR KENT! YOU ARE READY TO MAKE NEW INVENTIONS FOR DER REICH, NO??
YOU BEAST!! THAT HYPNOTIC DRUG WAS PERFECTED TO AID AMERICA!! YOU STOLE THAT, BUT I'LL NEVER HELP YOU...

SOMETIMES, MY SCIENTIFIC FRIENDT, I SUSPECT YOU MUST ENJOY THE LASH!! VELL, I SHALL BE GENEROUS...

ACH, NOOT A SINGLE OUTCRY HE MAKES!! SOMETIMES I FEAR I AM TOO TENDER-HEARTED TO BE SUCCESSFUL AS A GAULEITER!! TOO GENTLE MIT DESE SCHWEIN...

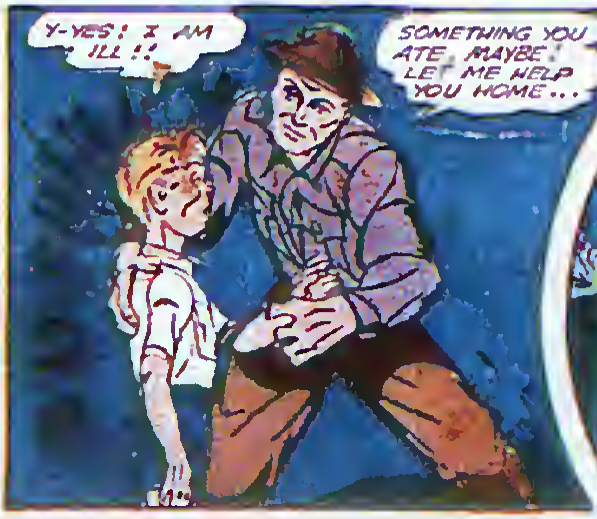
Meanwhile, PLAYING THE PART OF DUMB ROOKIE WELTON, MINUTE MAN HUNTS THE KEY TO THE MYSTERY!!
YOU POOR SOLDIER - FORCED TO KILL POOR, HARMLESS GERMANS WHO WANTED ONLY THE LAND THAT WAS RIGHTFULLY THEIRS!!
HUH?
SERVICE CANTEEN
THIS IS TREASON!!
AT LEAST THIS OIN'T BE TREASONABLE! WE WON A SMASHING VICTORY IN THAT SCRAP!! BUT I'LL HAVE A LOOK, ANYHOW...
COBRA SEA BATTLE
NEWS
SPECIAL
NEWSREEL FIRST TRUE PICTURES OF COBRA SEA BATTLE
A FEW MOMENTS AT THE THEATRE
HEY! THAT'S QUEER!! THE NAVY DIDN'T SAY WE LOST TWO CRUISERS...
AND WE CERTAINLY DIDN'T LOSE ALL THOSE PLANES!! YET THE PICTURE SEEMS AUTHENTIC...
I KNOW!! THEY TOOK THE GENUINE FILMS AND PAINTED U.S. FLAGS AND EMBLEMS ON THE ENEMY CRAFT THAT WE DESTROYED!! WHY, THE RATS...
I DON'T GET THIS! PEOPLE LIKE THAT CANTEEN LADY DON'T LOOK LIKE TRAITORS!! AND THEY RECITE TREASON LIKE A LESSON THEY'VE LEARNED!
COBRA
THERE'S A DARK MYSTERY! NO AMERICAN CITY WOULD VOLUNTARILY SELL OUT SO WHOLE-HEARTEDLY TO THE AXIS!! THEY'RE BEING FORCED TO!!

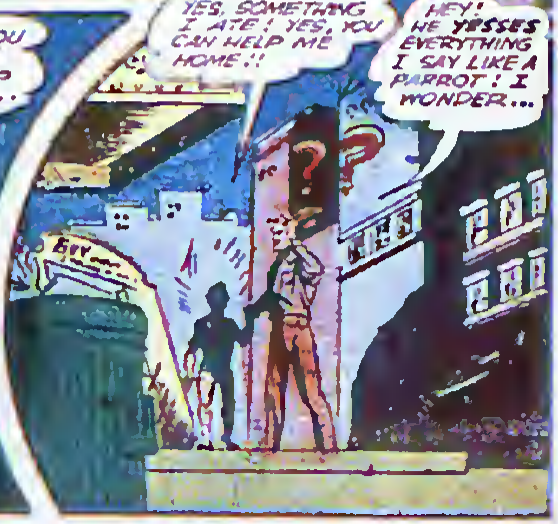
SO LONG, BILLY! SEE THE SHOW AND SPEND THE REST FOR WAR STAMPS FOR YOUR BOOK!! WE HAVE TO BUILD LOTS OF BOMBERS TODAY; WE MAY BE HOME LATE.
BYE, MOM AND DAD!

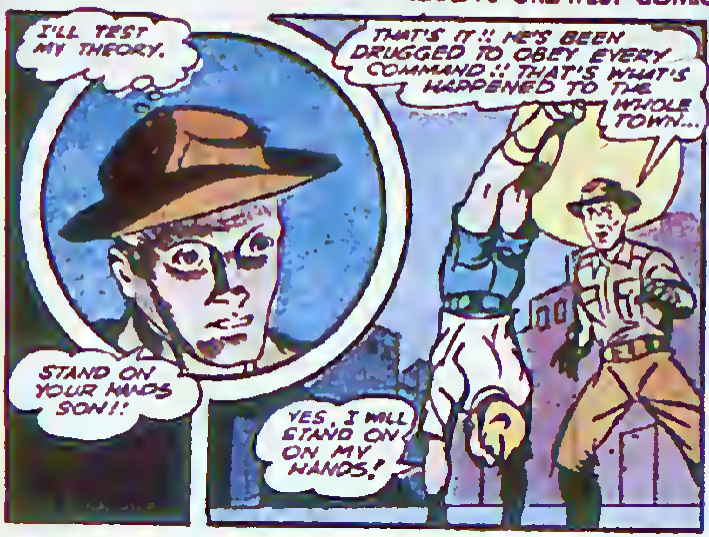
I FEEL BETTER! THERE'S ONE PATRIOT IN TOWN, ANYHOW! AND HIS MOTHER AND DAD BOTH WORK AT A PLANE FACTORY!!
BUY WAR STAMPS AND B
A FIFTY CENT STAMP PLEASE!

MMMMM! PRETTY SOON I'LL HAVE ENOUGH FOR A BOND AND...
ANITA WOW

UH-UH... I-I F-FEEL SO F-FUNNY...
LET ME HELP YOU, SON! ARE YOU ILL??

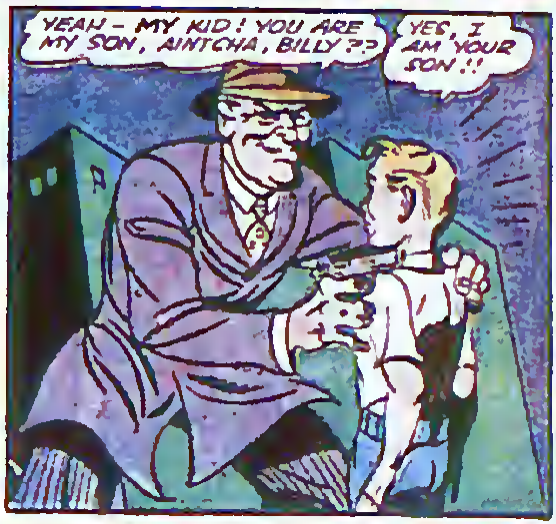

Y-YES! I AM ILL!!
SOMETHING YOU ATE, MAYBE! LET ME HELP YOU HOME...


YES, SOMETHING I ATE! YES, YOU CAN HELP ME HOME!!
HEY! HE YESSES EVERYTHING I SAY LIKE A PARROT! I WONDER...


I'LL TEST MY THEORY.
STAND ON YOUR HANDS SON!!
THAT'S IT!! HE'S BEEN DRUGGED TO OBEY EVERY COMMAND!! THAT'S WHAT'S HAPPENED TO THE WHOLE TOWN...
YES, I WILL STAND ON ON MY HANDS!

THESE WAR STAMPS! THE BOY GOT SICK WHEN HE LICKED THEM! MUST BE SOME DRUG ADDED TO THE GUM OF THE STAMPS...
HEY, YOU...

DROP THEM STAMPS! WHATCHA TRYIN' TO DO, SWIPE MY KID'S WAR STAMPS ??? COME ON, BILLY...
???
YOUR KID???

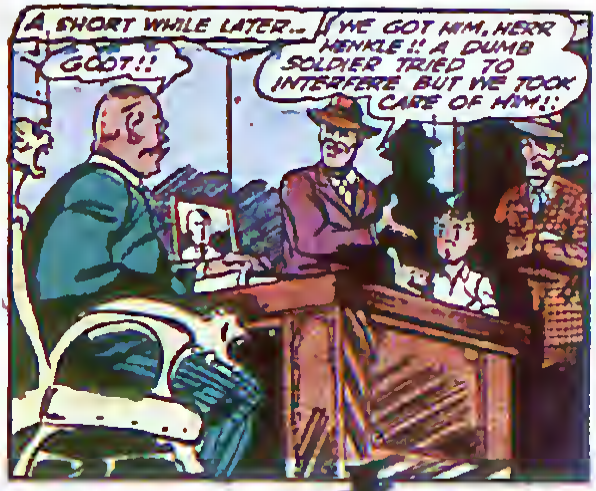

YEAH - MY KID! YOU ARE MY SON, AINTCHA, BILLY??
YES, I AM YOUR SON!!

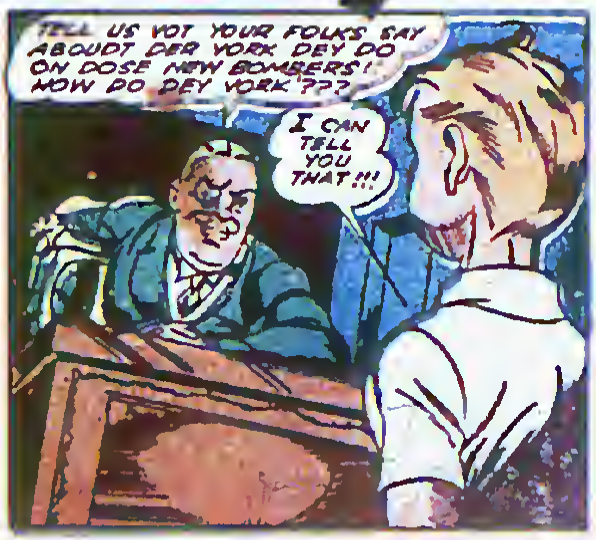
AND YOU'RE MY PET PUNCHIN' BAG, CHUM!! TAKE THAT FER GETTIN' NOSY!

COME ON, BILLY! YOU'RE GONNA TELL US ALL ABOUT THE KIND OF WORK THEY DO ON THOSE NEW BOMBERS AT THE PLANT!!!

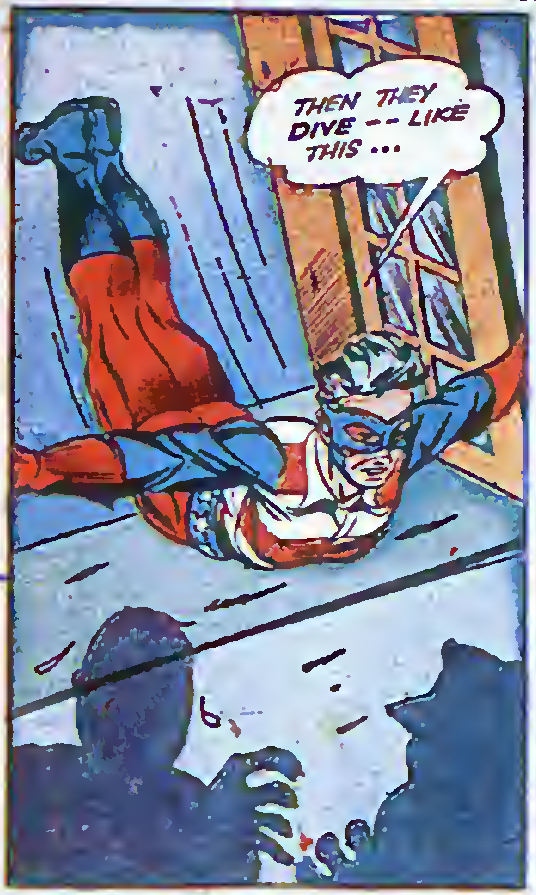
I HATE TO TAKE A PUNCH FROM RATS - BUT I HAD TO MAKE THEM THINK THEY WERE SAFE !!

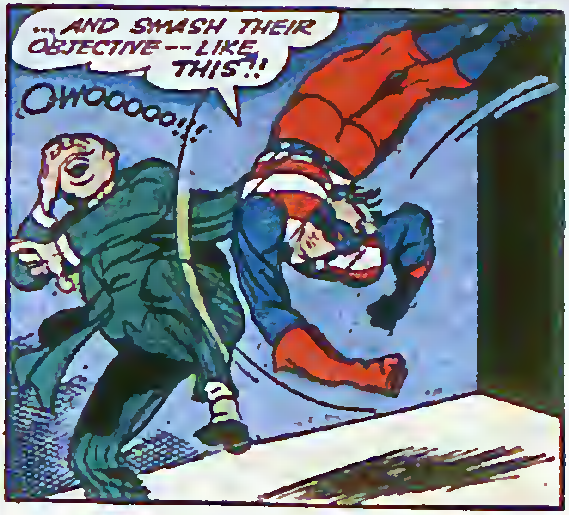
NOW MINUTE MAN CAN TRAIL THEM RIGHT INTO THE ROTTEN HEART OF THIS DIRTY PLOT THAT EXISTS BY DRUGGING CHILDREN !!!

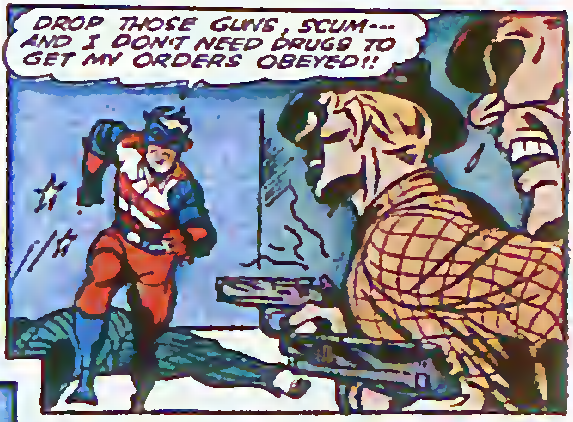

A SHORT WHILE LATER...
GOOT!!
WE GOT HIM, HERR HENKLE !! A DUMB SOLDIER TRIED TO INTERFERE BUT WE TOOK CARE OF HIM!!


TELL US VOT YOUR FOLKS SAY ABOUDT DER YORK DEY DO ON DOSE NEW BOMBERS! HOW DO DEY YORK ???
I CAN TELL YOU THAT !!!

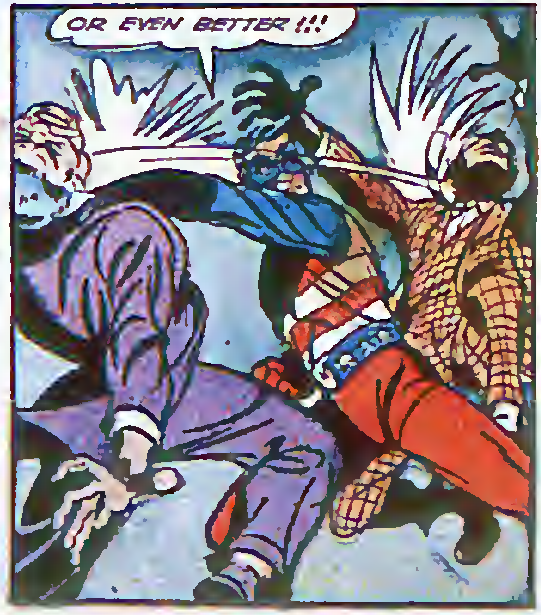
LET ME SHOW YOU EXACTLY HOW THOSE BOMBERS OPERATE ! FIRST THEY GET UP HIGH -- LIKE THIS...
HIMMEL !! MINUTE MAN !!! SHOOOT HIM...


THEN THEY DIVE -- LIKE THIS ...


...AND SMASH THEIR OBJECTIVE -- LIKE THIS!!
OWOOOOO!!!


DROP THOSE GUNS, SCUM--- AND I DON'T NEED DRUGS TO GET MY ORDERS OBEYED!!

MY FISTS WORK JUST AS WELL ...
WHAM!

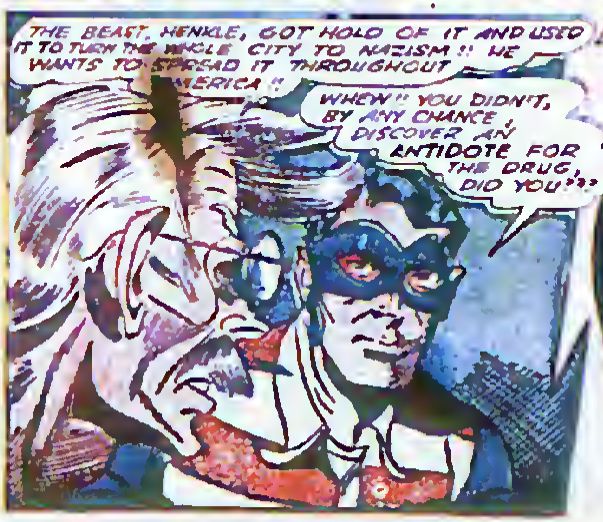

OR EVEN BETTER!!!

ALL RIGHT, YOU TWO!! LIMBER UP YOUR JAWS AND DO SOME TALKING!!

BETTER YOU SHOULD LIMBER ONCE YOUR LEGS UP - UNOT DO SOME DROPPING, SCHWEIN!!
HEY!!! WHAT...??

HELLO!! LOOKS LIKE I'M AMONG FRIENDS..
MINUTE MAN!! THEY GOT YOU, TOO??

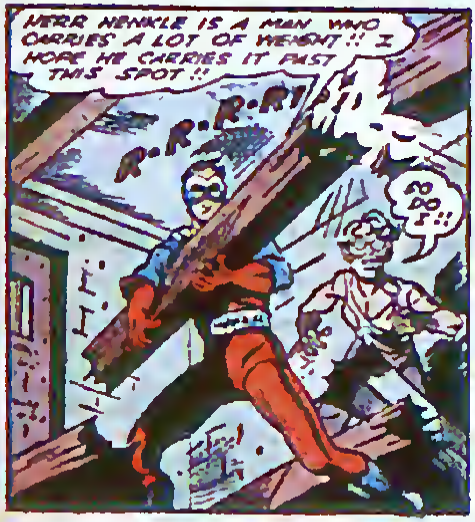
GETTING - AND KEEPING - ARE TWO DIFFERENT JOBS. WHO ARE YOU???
PROFESSOR KENT!! I INVENTED THE HYPNOTIC DRUG TO HELP AMERICA END THE WAR WITHOUT SUCH TERRIBLE SLAUGHTER..


THE BEAST, HENKLE, GOT HOLD OF IT AND USED IT TO TURN THE WHOLE CITY TO NAZISM!! HE WANTS TO SPREAD IT THROUGHOUT AMERICA!!
WHEW!! YOU DIDN'T, BY ANY CHANCE, DISCOVER AN ANTIDOTE FOR THE DRUG, DID YOU???

PROFESSOR KENT WHISPERS A GREAT SECRET...
WHISPER.. WHISPER.. WHISPER... AND I HAVE IT IN A SAFE PLACE! ONE QUART IN THE CITY WATER SYSTEM, WOULD RESTORE EVERY ONE TO NORMAL OVERNIGHT!!
THEN MISTER, OUR JOB IS TO GET OUT OF HERE AND POUR THAT QUART!!!

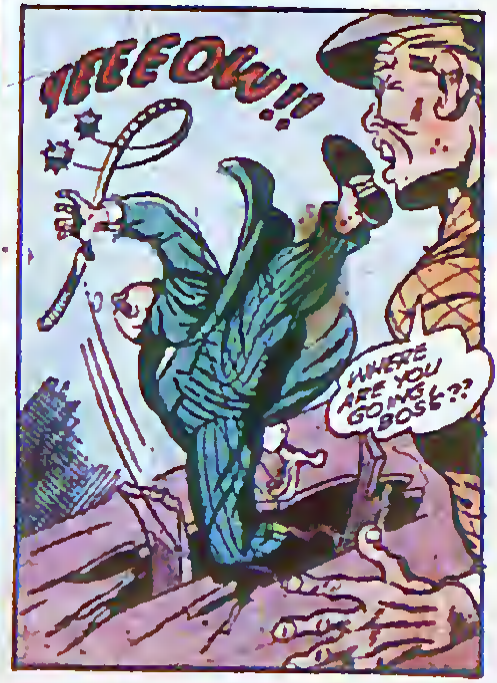
A SHORT WHILE LATER, AFTER MINUTE MAN WAS RELEASED THE PROFESSOR FROM HIS CHAINS...
SOLID AS A ROCK!!
CRACK
YES, IT IS BARRED WITH STEEL ON THE OUTSIDE!!

HMMMM, BUT THAT CEILING DOESN'T LOOK SO STRONG...

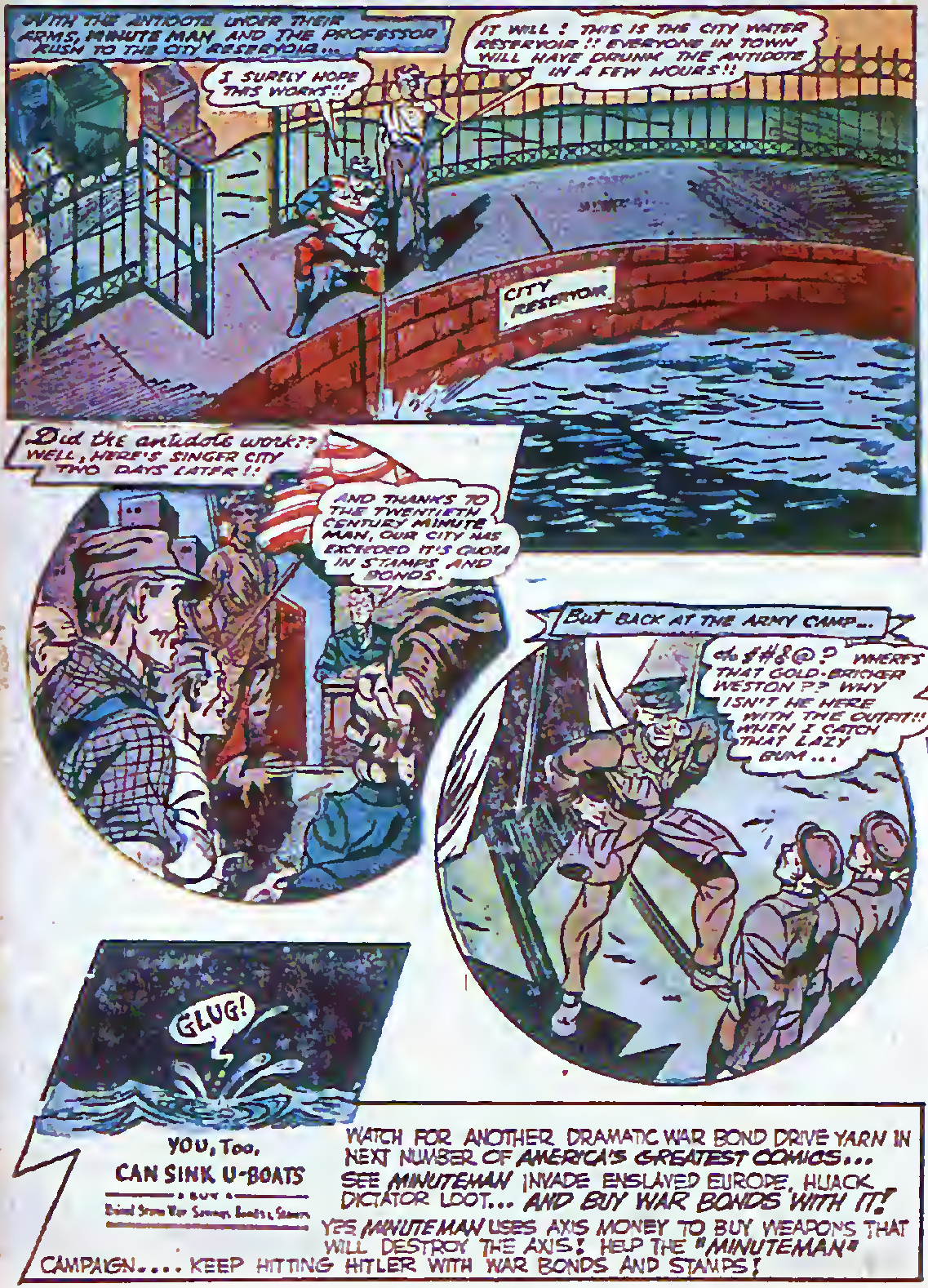

HERR HENKLE IS A MAN WHO CARRIES A LOT OF WEIGHT!! I HOPE HE CARRIES IT PAST THIS SPOT!!
R-R-R-R!
SO DO I!!

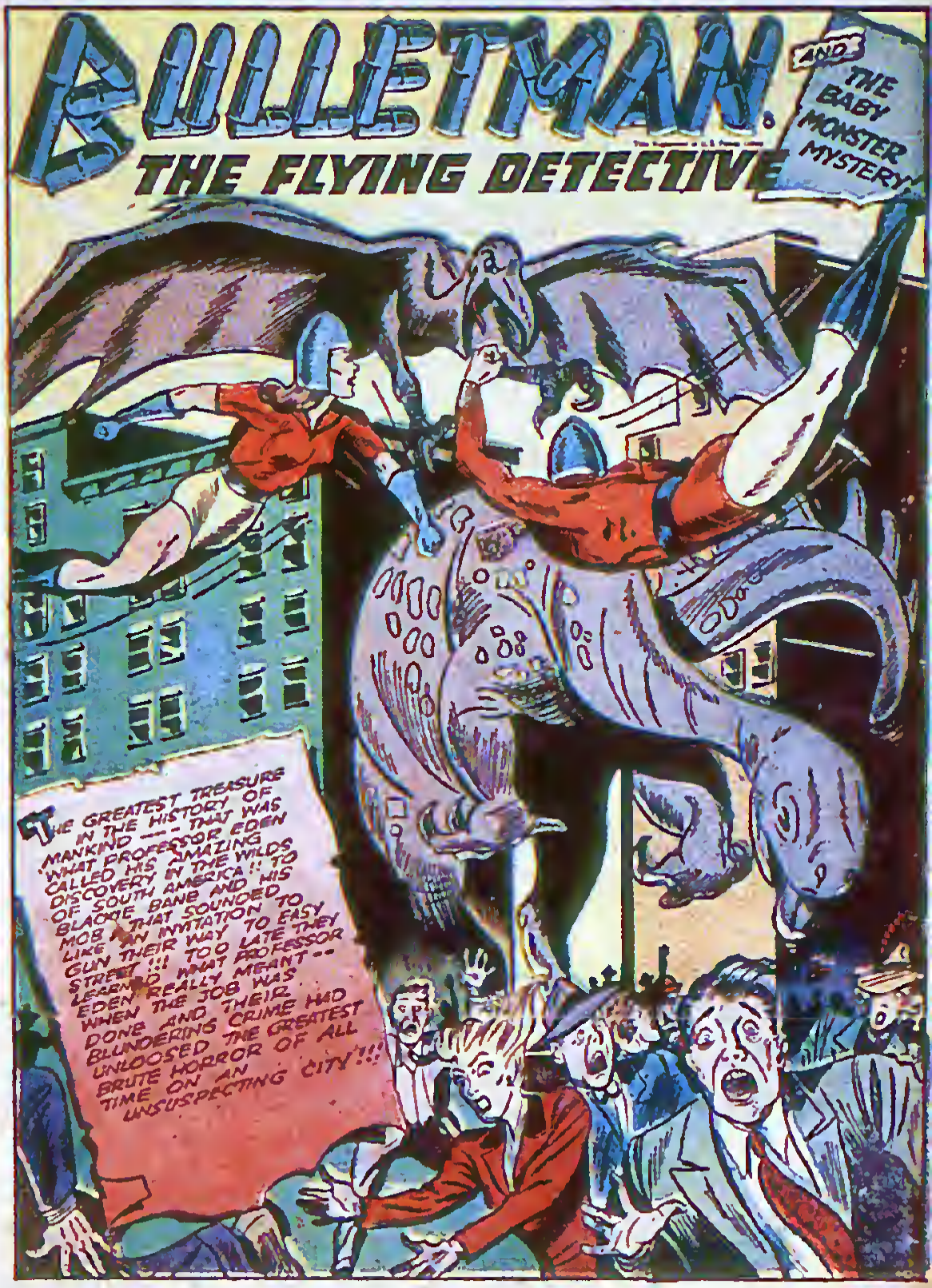
AND WHILE THE PRISONERS WAIT PATIENTLY DOWNSTAIRS...
? ?
LET ME THINK! WHAT SHALL I DO WITH MINUTE MAN? HE'S VALUABLE!
Y' OUGHTA KNOCK HIM OFF I SAY!!

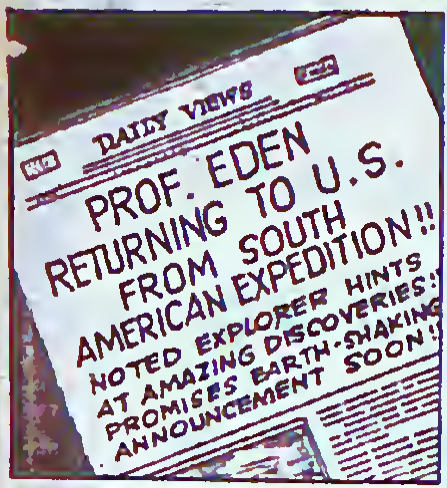
FOOL! DIDT ANYVUN ASK YOUR OPINION!! I'LL TEACH YOU TO..
NO, HERR HENKEL! I DIDN'T MEAN...

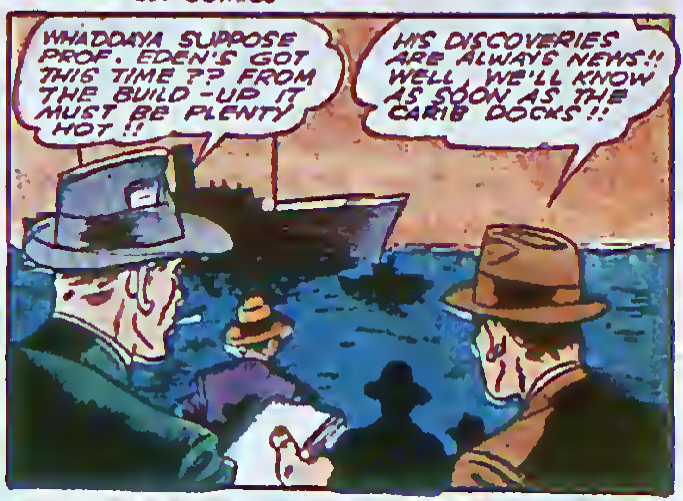

EEEOW!!
WHERE ARE YOU GOING, BOSS??

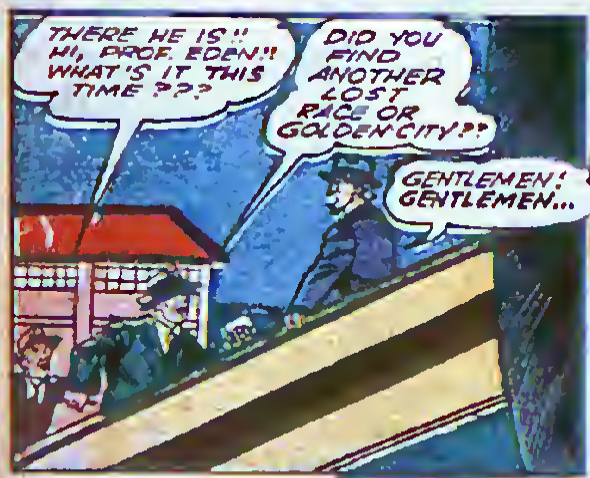
COME RIGHT IN! WE'VE BEEN EXPECTING YOU!!
I'VE WAITED A LONG TIME FOR THIS!!!
I WANT TO GET UP THROUGH THAT HOLE FAST - BECAUSE THE BOYS WILL BE WAITING!! AH-H-H... I HAVE IT!
PERFECT!!
SURPRISE!! HERE I COME - READY OR NOT!!!
BOOFF!!
UPSY-DAISY!! I HOPE YOU'RE STRONG ENOUGH TO RUN! WE'VE GOT TO GET THAT ANTIDOTE INTO THE WATER FAST!!

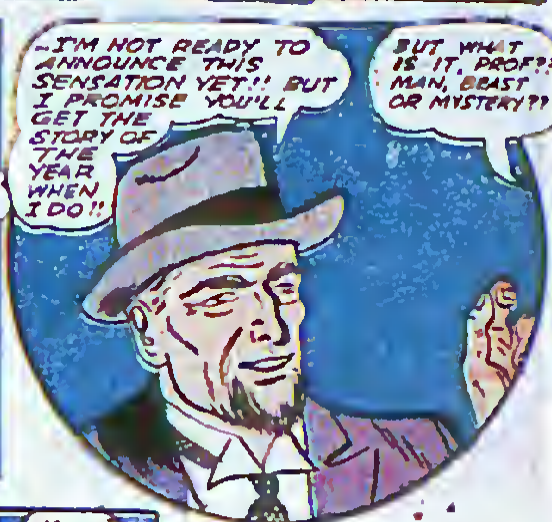

WITH THE ANTIDOTE UNDER THEIR ARMS, MINUTE MAN AND THE PROFESSOR RUSH TO THE CITY RESERVOIR...
I SURELY HOPE THIS WORKS!!
IT WILL! THIS IS THE CITY WATER RESERVOIR!! EVERYONE IN TOWN WILL HAVE DRUNK THE ANTIDOTE IN A FEW HOURS!!
CITY RESERVOIR
Did the antidote work?? WELL, HERE'S SINGER CITY TWO DAYS LATER!!
AND THANKS TO THE TWENTIETH CENTURY MINUTE MAN, OUR CITY HAS EXCEEDED IT'S QUOTA IN STAMPS AND BONDS.
But BACK AT THE ARMY CAMP...
%$#&@? WHERE'S THAT GOLD-BRICKER WESTON?? WHY ISN'T HE HERE WITH THE OUTFIT!! WHEN I CATCH THAT LAZY BUM...
GLUG!
YOU, Too, CAN SINK U-BOATS
BUY
United States War Savings Bonds & Stamps
WATCH FOR ANOTHER DRAMATIC WAR BOND DRIVE YARN IN NEXT NUMBER OF AMERICA'S GREATEST COMICS... SEE MINUTEMAN INVADE ENSLAVED EUROPE, HIJACK DICTATOR LOOT... AND BUY WAR BONDS WITH IT!
YES MINUTEMAN USES AXIS MONEY TO BUY WEAPONS THAT WILL DESTROY THE AXIS! HELP THE "MINUTEMAN" CAMPAIGN.... KEEP HITTING HITLER WITH WAR BONDS AND STAMPS!


BULLETMAN
THE FLYING DETECTIVE
AND THE BABY MONSTER MYSTERY
THE GREATEST TREASURE IN THE HISTORY OF MANKIND --- THAT WAS WHAT PROFESSOR EDEN CALLED HIS AMAZING DISCOVERY IN THE WILDS OF SOUTH AMERICA !! TO BLACKIE BANE AND HIS MOB ! THAT SOUNDED LIKE AN INVITATION TO GUN THEIR WAY TO EASY STREET !!! TOO LATE THEY LEARNED WHAT PROFESSOR EDEN REALLY MEANT -- WHEN THE JOB WAS DONE AND THEIR BLUNDERING CRIME HAD UNLOOSED THE GREATEST BRUTE HORROR OF ALL TIME ON AN UNSUSPECTING CITY !!!


DAILY VIEWS
PROF. EDEN RETURNING TO U.S. FROM SOUTH AMERICAN EXPEDITION!!
NOTED EXPLORER HINTS AT AMAZING DISCOVERIES! PROMISES EARTH-SHAKING ANNOUNCEMENT SOON!


WHADDAYA SUPPOSE PROF. EDEN'S GOT THIS TIME ?? FROM THE BUILD-UP IT MUST BE PLENTY HOT !!
HIS DISCOVERIES ARE ALWAYS NEWS!! WELL, WE'LL KNOW AS SOON AS THE CARIB DOCKS!!

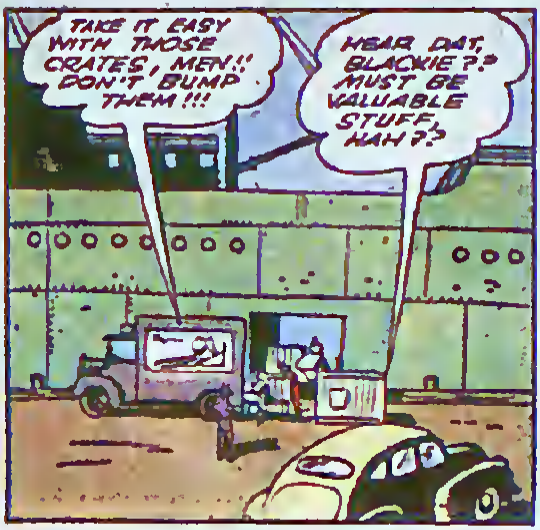

THERE HE IS!! HI, PROF. EDEN!! WHAT'S IT THIS TIME ???
DID YOU FIND ANOTHER LOST RACE OR GOLDEN CITY??
GENTLEMEN! GENTLEMEN...


...I'M NOT READY TO ANNOUNCE THIS SENSATION YET!! BUT I PROMISE YOU'LL GET THE STORY OF THE YEAR WHEN I DO!!
BUT WHAT IS IT, PROF?? MAN, BEAST OR MYSTERY??

I CAN TELL YOU THIS MUCH... IT IS THE GREATEST ARCHAEOLOGICAL TREASURE THE WORLD HAS EVER SEEN!!
OH, BOY!! YOUR STUFF IS ALWAYS SENSATIONAL...

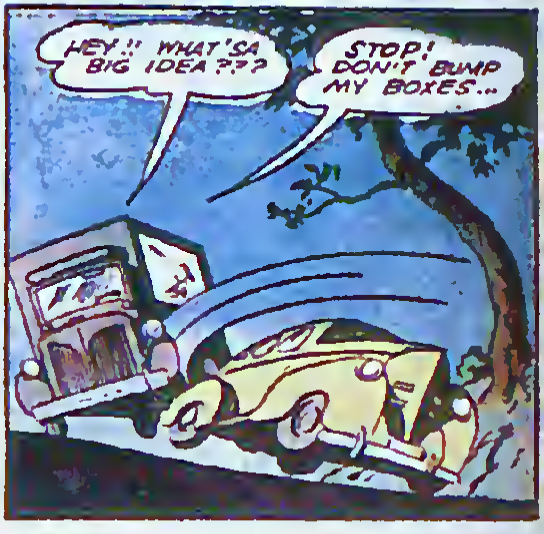
EXCUSE ME, BOYS! I'VE GOT TO SUPERVISE THE UNLOADING OF MY FIND!!
YOU HEAR THAT, BOSS?? GREATEST TREASURE IN DE WOILD!! HOT DAWG!!

SURE I HEARD IT!! AN' WE'RE GONNA DO SUMP'N ABOUT IT! CHUR YOU AND MOOSE DRIVE THE CAR UP CLOSE AND WAIT!!
WHATCHA GONNA DO, BLACKIE?? HI-JACK THE LOAD??


TAKE IT EASY WITH THOSE CRATES, MEN!! DON'T BUMP THEM!!!
HEAR DAT, BLACKIE?? MUST BE VALUABLE STUFF, HAH??

I'LL RIDE WITH YOU MEN AND KEEP AN EYE ON MY TREASURE!!
GET SET: WHEN THEY GET OUTA TRAFFIC, WE'LL STOP 'EM AND GRAB TRUCK AND ALL! BOY, WILL WE MAKE A CLEAN-UP!!

HA, THE OLD DESERTED WOODLAWN ROAD!! WE COULDN'T HAVE ASKED FOR A BETTER SPOT!!!
LET'S GO, BOSS!!!
AND PUT ON THOSE MASKS - WE DON'T WANT TO HAVE TO KILL ANYONE!

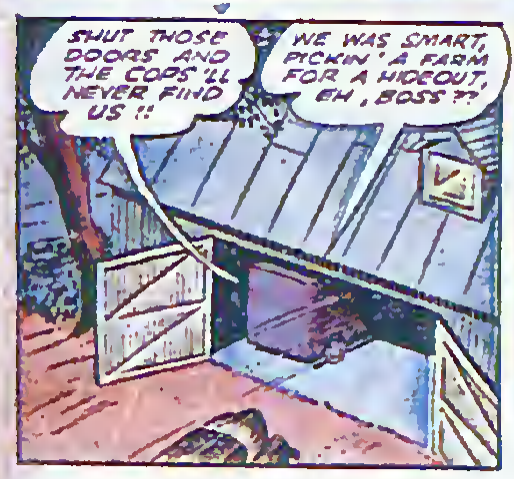

HEY!! WHAT'SA BIG IDEA???
STOP! DON'T BUMP MY BOXES...

CUMB OUT, YOU MONKEYS - AN' DON'T MAKE NO PASSES, SEE!!
YEAH, DIS IS A STICKUP, SEE!!
ARE YOU MEN INSANE??

WE HAVEN'T ANYTHING OF VALUE...
DON'T GIMME THAT MALARKY, GUY!!

SWEET DREAMS!
AGH-H-H-H!

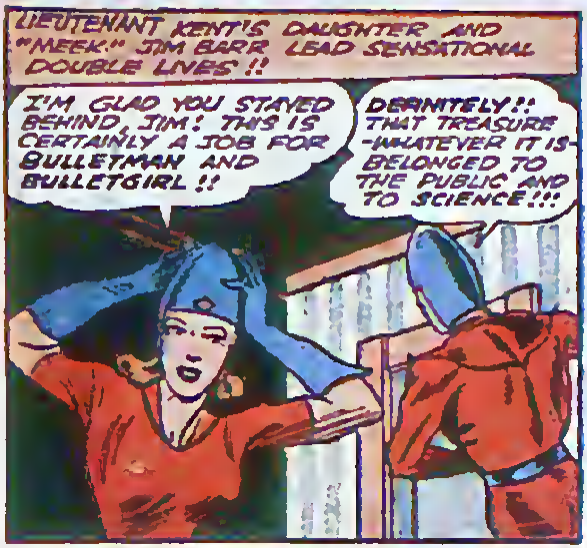
COME ON... WE GOT THE TREASURE! CHEEZ, I SURE AM GLAD THEY AIN'T SEEN OUR FACES... ELSE WE'D HAVE TO CHILL 'EM... AND FACE A MURDER RAP!
I'LL DRIVE THE TRUCK TO OUR HIDEOUT! MOOSE, YOU BRING THE CAR!!


SHUT THOSE DOORS AND THE COPS'LL NEVER FIND US!!
WE WAS SMART, PICKIN' A FARM FOR A HIDEOUT, EH, BOSS?!

A SHORT TIME LATER LIEUTENANT KENT OF THE POLICE FACES HIS DAUGHTER SUSAN AND THE HUMBLE LABORATORY ASSISTANT, JIM BARR!!
HI, DAD! WHAT ARE YOU SO UPSET ABOUT?!
PROFESSOR EDEN, THE EXPLORER, AND HIS TRUCK DRIVER WERE KNOCKED OUT.. AND THEIR TRUCK STOLEN!!

HIS DISCOVERY WAS ON THAT TRUCK... BUT BECAUSE OF THAT BLOW ON THE HEAD, THE PROFESSOR HAS SUFFERED A TOTAL LOSS OF MEMORY --AND CAN'T REMEMBER WHAT HIS TREASURE WAS!
GREAT SCOTT! AND HIS FINDS WERE ALWAYS SENSATIONAL-- IT MUST HAVE BEEN SOMETHING IMMENSE!!

I'M GOING TO JOIN THE HUNT FOR THAT TRUCK! WANT TO COME ALONG, JIM?!
ER - NO THANKS, LIEUTENANT!! I'VE SOME LAB WORK TO CATCH UP ON!!


LIEUTENANT KENT'S DAUGHTER AND "MEEK" JIM BARR LEAD SENSATIONAL DOUBLE LIVES !!
I'M GLAD YOU STAYED BEHIND, JIM! THIS IS CERTAINLY A JOB FOR BULLETMAN AND BULLETGIRL !!
DEFINITELY !! THAT TREASURE -WHATEVER IT IS- BELONGED TO THE PUBLIC AND TO SCIENCE !!!

THE SENTIMENT IS FINE -- BUT WHERE ON EARTH DO WE START ??
THE FIRST JOB IS TO FIND OUT WHAT THAT TREASURE CONSISTS OF... SO WE CAN TRACE IT AND FIND THE KILLERS !!

THERE'S PROFESSOR EDEN'S HOUSE !! I UNDERSTAND HE SHIPPED THE PRIVATE RECORDS OF HIS EXPEDITION HOME SOME TIME AGO !!
MAYBE WE CAN FIND THEM. HE'S IN THE HOSPITAL AND WE CAN SEARCH UNDISTURBED!

HOLD EVERYTHING, BULLETGIRL !! HERE IT IS - THE DAY-BY-DAY JOURNAL OF HIS TRIP !!
READ IT QUICK !! I CAN'T WAIT TO FIND OUT WHAT HE DISCOVERED !!

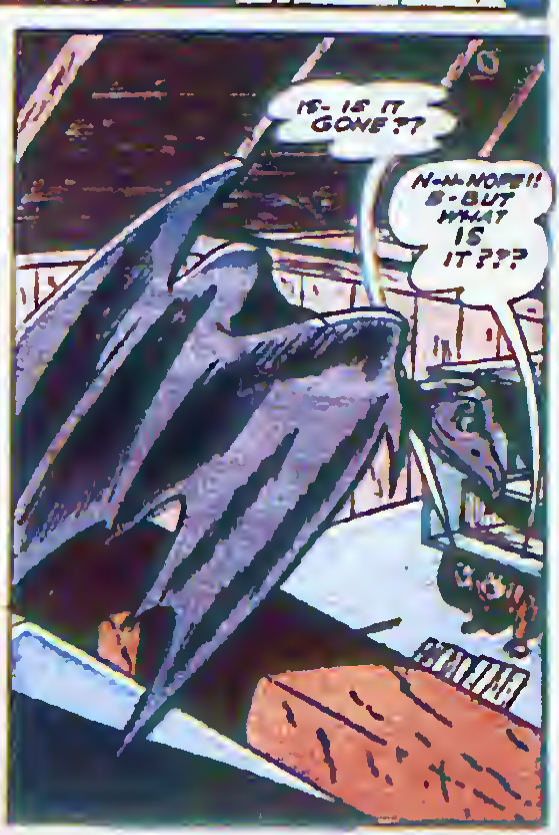
HE CERTAINLY HAD AN EXCITING TRIP! BUT WHERE IS THE TREASURE ... ??
HERE IT IS! LOOK!

OMIGOSH !!!

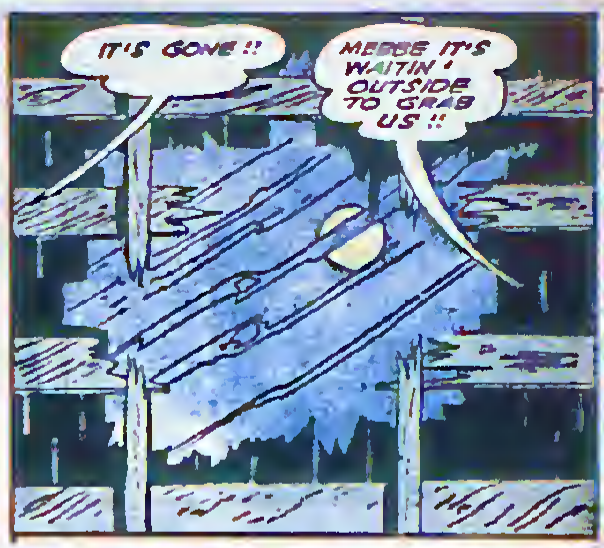
AT THIS MOMENT, THE CROOKS ARE ON THE VERGE OF MAKING THE SAME SENSATIONAL DISCOVERY!!
GO EASY, YOU TWO! YOU HEARD WHAT THE PROP SAID ABOUT NOT BUMPIN' THEM CRATES!!
WE ARE BLACKIE! BUT THIS IS A JOB! DIS BOX MUSTA BEEN MADE TO HOLD A LION OR SUMP'N!!

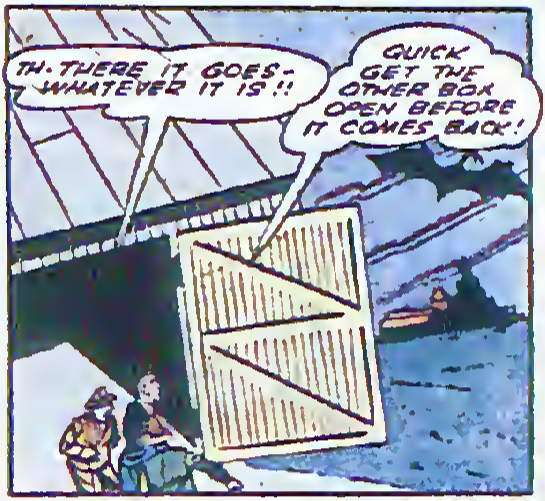
OOOPS!! IT CAME ALL AT ONCE!..
WELL, DOPE!! QUICK — WHAT'S IN IT ???

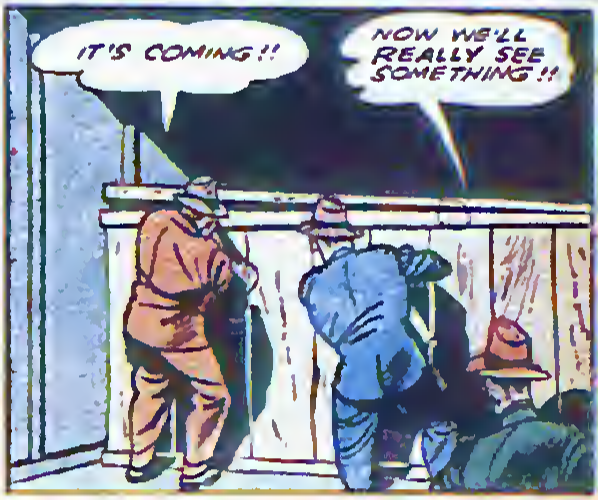
YEEEEOW!!
AWRRRK!! TAKE IT AWAY!!!!

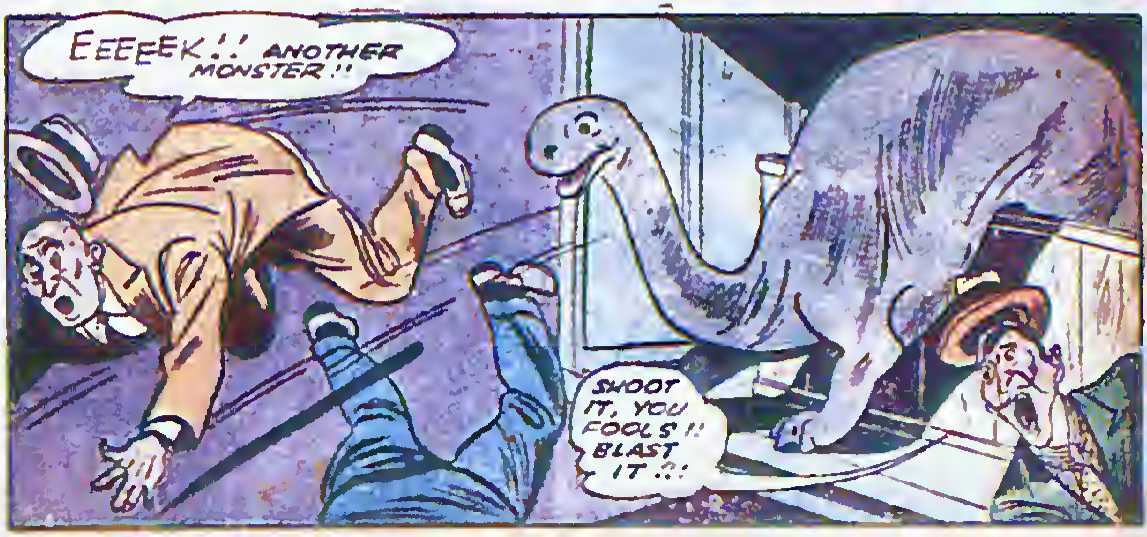

IS- IS IT GONE??
N-N-NOPE!! B-BUT WHAT IS IT???

THE DIRTY RAT! HE MUSTA STUCK THAT THING IN THERE TO GUARD THE TREASURE... EEEEEOW!!
W'ATS DAT ???
CRASH

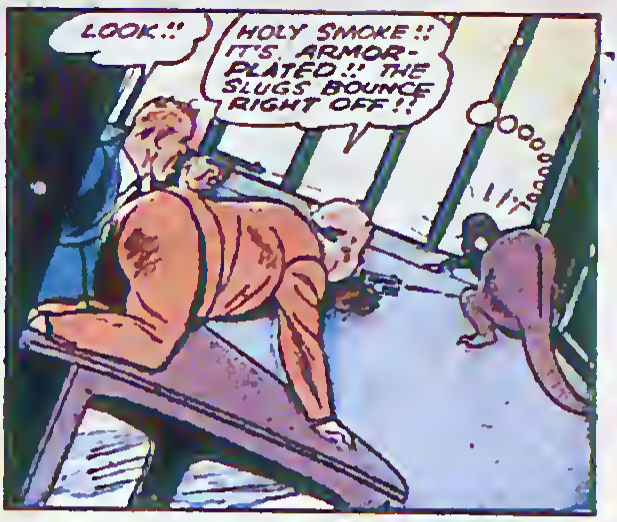

IT'S GONE!!
MEBBE IT'S WAITIN' OUTSIDE TO GRAB US!!


TH-THERE IT GOES-WHATEVER IT IS!!
QUICK GET THE OTHER BOX OPEN BEFORE IT COMES BACK!

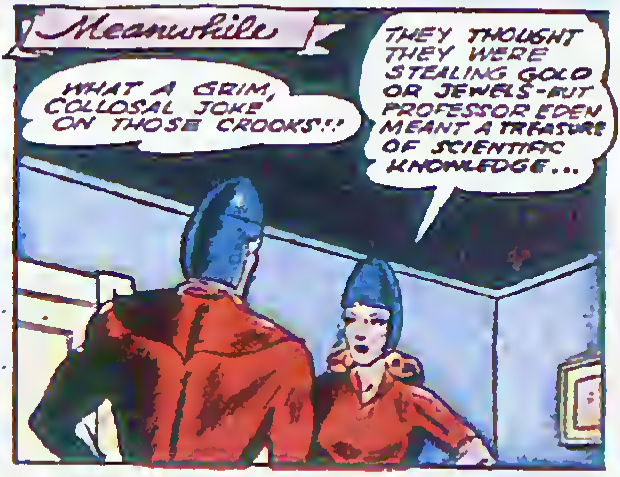

IT'S COMING!!
NOW WE'LL REALLY SEE SOMETHING!!

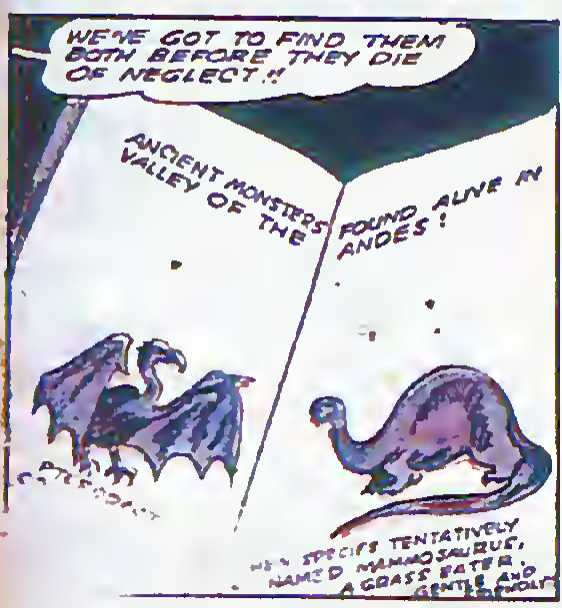

EEEEEK!! ANOTHER MONSTER!!
SHOOT IT, YOU FOOLS!! BLAST IT!!

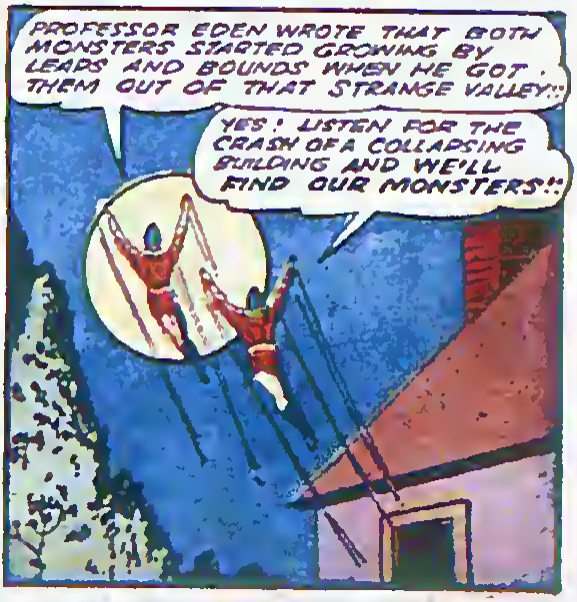
EEEEOW!! HELP! KILL IT!! TAKE IT AWAY!!!


LOOK!!
HOLY SMOKE!! IT'S ARMOR-PLATED!! THE SLUGS BOUNCE RIGHT OFF!!

HEY, WOT'S THE IDEA ??? BLUB-SPLUTTER...
CHEEZ, BLACKIE!! DE T'ING LOVES YUH! IT AIN'T MAD...


Meanwhile
WHAT A GRIM, COLLOSAL JOKE ON THOSE CROOKS!!
THEY THOUGHT THEY WERE STEALING GOLD OR JEWELS-BUT PROFESSOR EDEN MEANT A TREASURE OF SCIENTIFIC KNOWLEDGE...


WE'VE GOT TO FIND THEM BOTH BEFORE THEY DIE OF NEGLECT!!
ANCIENT MONSTERS FOUND ALIVE IN VALLEY OF THE ANDES!
PTERODACT
HE'S SPECIFS TENTATIVELY NAMED MAMMOSAURUS, A GRASS EATER, GENTLE AND JOLLY


PROFESSOR EDEN WROTE THAT BOTH MONSTERS STARTED GROWING BY LEAPS AND BOUNDS WHEN HE GOT THEM OUT OF THAT STRANGE VALLEY!!
YES! LISTEN FOR THE CRASH OF A COLLAPSING BUILDING AND WE'LL FIND OUR MONSTERS!!

A SHORT DISTANCE AWAY...
HO-HUMMM!! WHAT A DULL NIGHT! NOTHING EVER HAPPENS TO ME! NO ADVENTURE - NO EXCITEMENT - NO...

EEEEOW!! NIGHTMARES!!!

HALP! MURDER!! POLICE!!!
BULLETMAN!! LOOK...
THE PTERODACTYL-WITH A VICTIM!!

LET GO OF HIM, YOU FLYING HYENA!!
YEEEEOWK! I'M FALLING!!

RELAX, FRIEND! I'VE GOT YOU!!
B-BULLETGIRL!! TH-TH-THANKS!!

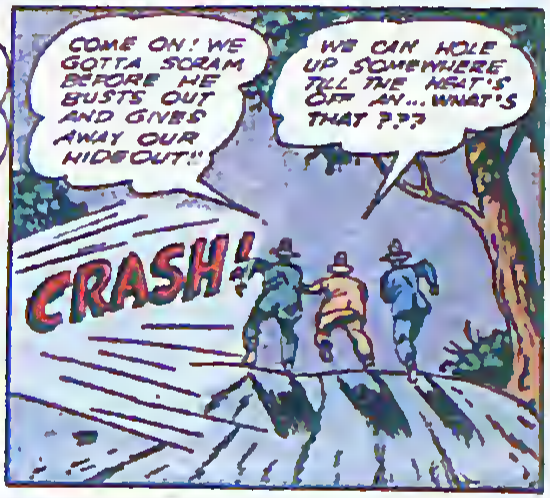
WOW! THIS BABY HAS A CAST-IRON JAW!!!
LET ME TRY A FLYING TACKLE!!!

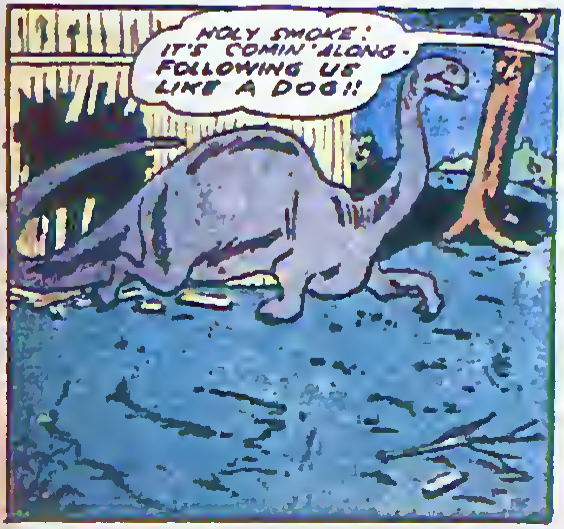
A BRAVE ATTEMPT TO CAPTURE THE MENACING MONSTER!!
I GOT HIM - IF I CAN HOLD HIM!!
HIS NECK IS LIKE AN ARMORED PIPE!!!

TAKE THAT... OLD FASHIONED!

5 SECONDS LATER -- ON TERRA FIRMA...
HE'LL BE OKAY IN A LITTLE WHILE -- AND BY THE TIME HE RECOVERS HE'LL BE SAFE IN WHATEVER KIND OF ZOO WILL TAKE HIM!
WELL, WE SAVED ONE OF THE PROFESSOR'S TREASURES, ANYWAY. BUT IT DOESN'T SEEM TO GET US MUCH FURTHER!

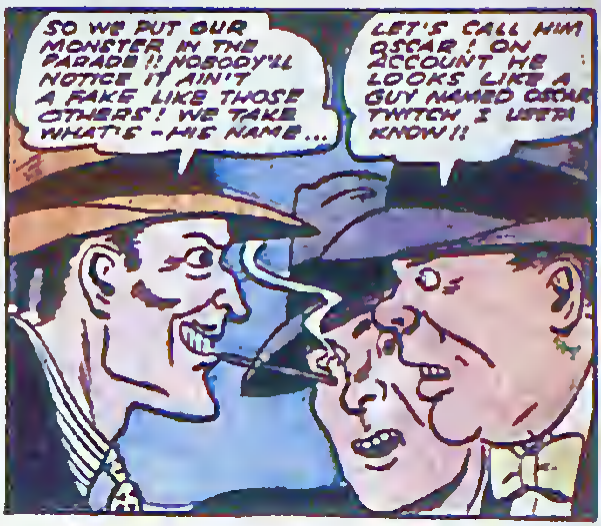
Meanwhile, THE CROOKS MAKE A DISCOVERY...
HE'S STILL HERE... YEEEOW!! HE'S TWICE AS BIG!!
EATIN' THAT HAY IS MAKIN' HIM GROW!! SOMEBODY STOP HIM!!
YOU STOP HIM! IT'S YOUR IDEA!!

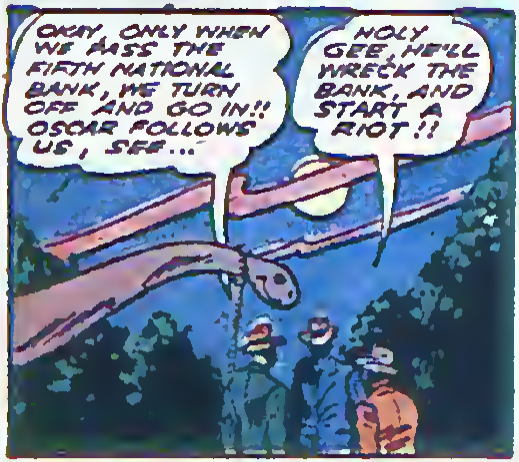

COME ON! WE GOTTA SCRAM BEFORE HE BUSTS OUT AND GIVES AWAY OUR HIDEOUT!!
WE CAN HOLE UP SOMEWHERE TILL THE HEAT'S OFF AN... WHAT'S THAT ??
CRASH!


HOLY SMOKE! IT'S COMIN' ALONG - FOLLOWING US LIKE A DOG!!

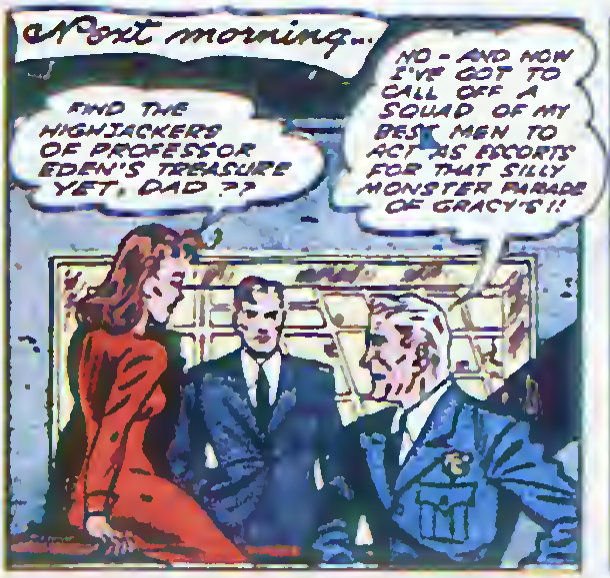
SEE... HE'S MEEK AS A MOUSE!
SOME MOUSE!

I GOT AN IDEA! LOOK, EVERY YEAR GRACY'S STORE HAS A PARADE OF THEM BIG RUBBER COWS AND DRAGONS AND STUFF, SEE!!
I KNOW!! SO WHAT??
DAILY NEWS
GRACY'S ANNUAL "PARADE OF THE MERRY MONSTERS" TOMORROW


SO WE PUT OUR MONSTER IN THE PARADE!! NOBODY'LL NOTICE IT AIN'T A FAKE LIKE THOSE OTHERS! WE TAKE WHAT'S-HIS NAME...
LET'S CALL HIM OSCAR! ON ACCOUNT HE LOOKS LIKE A GUY NAMED OSCAR TWITCH I USETA KNOW!!

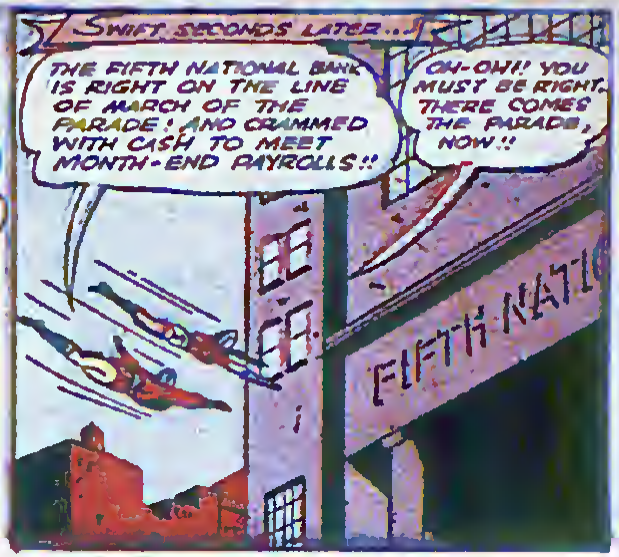

OKAY, ONLY WHEN WE PASS THE FIFTH NATIONAL BANK, WE TURN OFF AND GO IN!! OSCAR FOLLOWS US, SEE...
HOLY GEE, HE'LL WRECK THE BANK, AND START A RIOT!!

SURE! EVERYBODY GOES NUTS— WE HELP OURSELVES TO A COUPLE O' HUNNERT GRAND FROM THE WRECKAGE AND SCRAM!!
WHADDA BRAIN, BOSS!! WHADDA BRAIN!!!

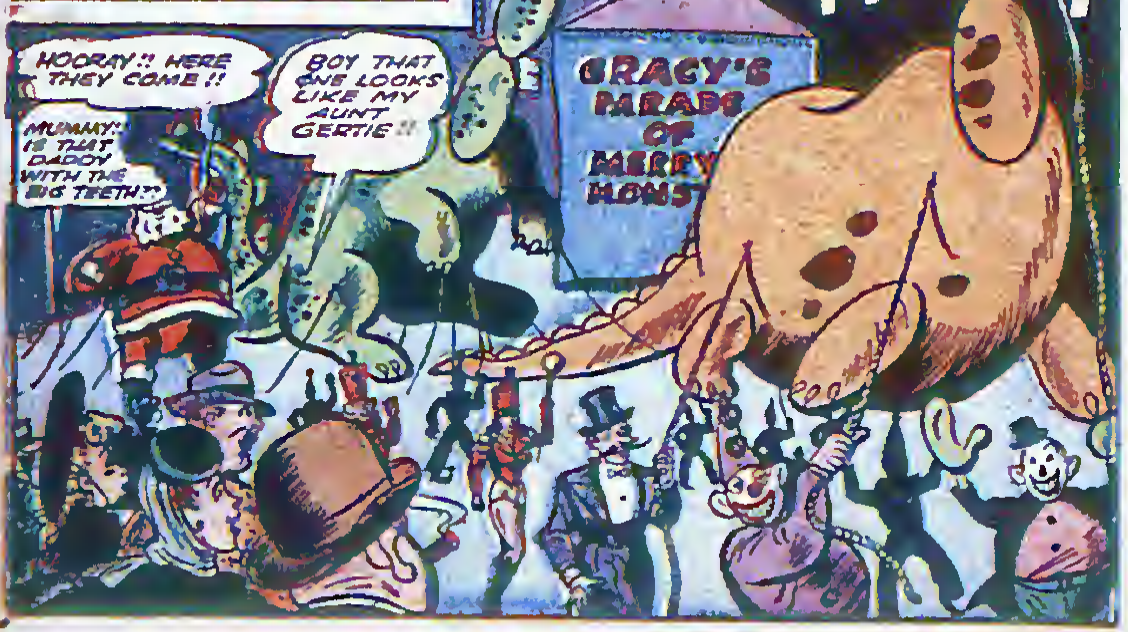

Next morning...
FIND THE HIGHJACKERS OF PROFESSOR EDEN'S TREASURE YET, DAD??
NO - AND NOW I'VE GOT TO CALL OFF A SQUAD OF MY BEST MEN TO ACT AS ESCORTS FOR THAT SILLY MONSTER PARADE OF GRACY'S!!

MONSTER PARADE?? OH- OH!! EXCUSE ME, SERGEANT! I JUST THOUGHT OF AN— ER-IMPORTANT EXPERIMENT! I NEED SUSAN...
HEY! AND I NEED THAT ARM! STOP TRYING TO PULL IT OFF!

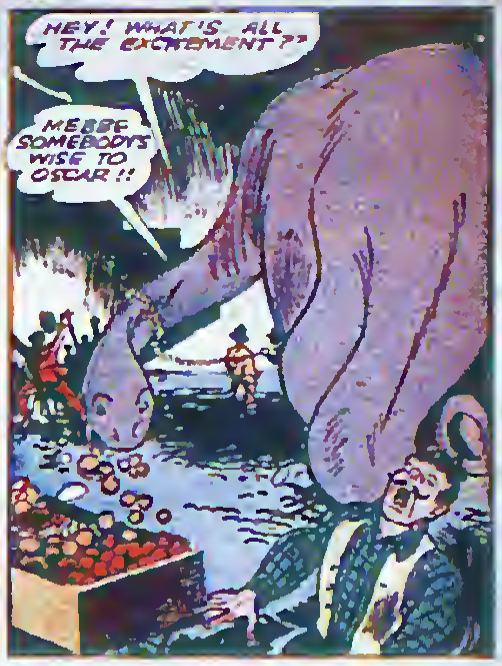
THAT PARADE! RUBBER COPIES OF PREHISTORIC MONSTERS!! SEE ???
WHY... THEY'LL TERRORIZE THE CITY, LAY IT WASTE FOR EASY PLUNDER, INGH! THEY WOULDN'T BE NOTICED IN A PARADE OF MONSTERS UNTIL TOO LATE!!!


SWIFT SECONDS LATER...
THE FIFTH NATIONAL BANK IS RIGHT ON THE LINE OF MARCH OF THE PARADE! AND CRAMMED WITH CASH TO MEET MONTH-END PAYROLLS!!
OH-OH!! YOU MUST BE RIGHT. THERE COMES THE PARADE, NOW!!
FIFTH NATI

BUT IF THE MONSTER DOES COME, HOW CAN WE STOP SOMETHING AS BIG AS A HOUSE??
I'VE GOT AN IDEA THAT MAY WORK! LISTEN...
FIFTH NATIONAL BANK


A JOYOUS PARADE OF GRINNING, BOBBING, GAS-FILLED RUBBER BALLOONS IN A HUNDRED GROTESQUE SHAPES!!
HOORAY!! HERE THEY COME!!
MUMMY! IS THAT DADDY WITH THE BIG TEETH??
BOY THAT ONE LOOKS LIKE MY AUNT GERTIE!!
GRACY'S PARADE OF MERRY MONS

AT THE END OF THE PARADE ...
HOT DOG!! IT WORKED LIKE A CHARM, EH BOYS???
IMAGINE A MONSTER LIKE THIS FOLLERING US AROUND LIKE A LAP-DOG!!


HEY! WHAT'S ALL THE EXCITEMENT??
MEBBE SOMEBODYS WISE TO OSCAR!!

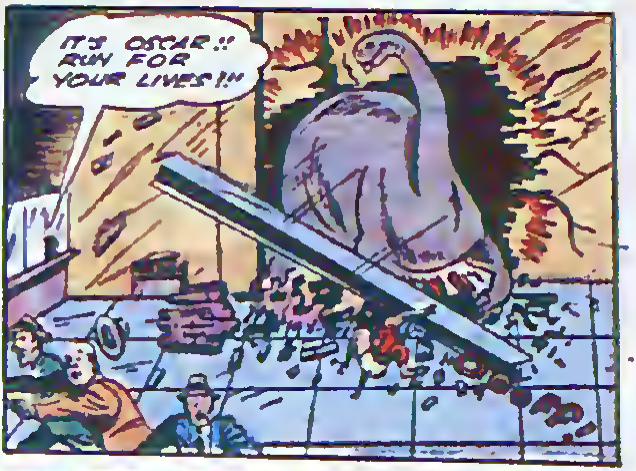
'S ALL RIGHT, FOLKS!! WE AIN'T REAL, SEE!! JUST A CLEVER BALOON WE MADE!! HEH-HEH!!!
ALL SET, BOSS??? DERE'S DE BANK RIGHT UP AHEAD!!

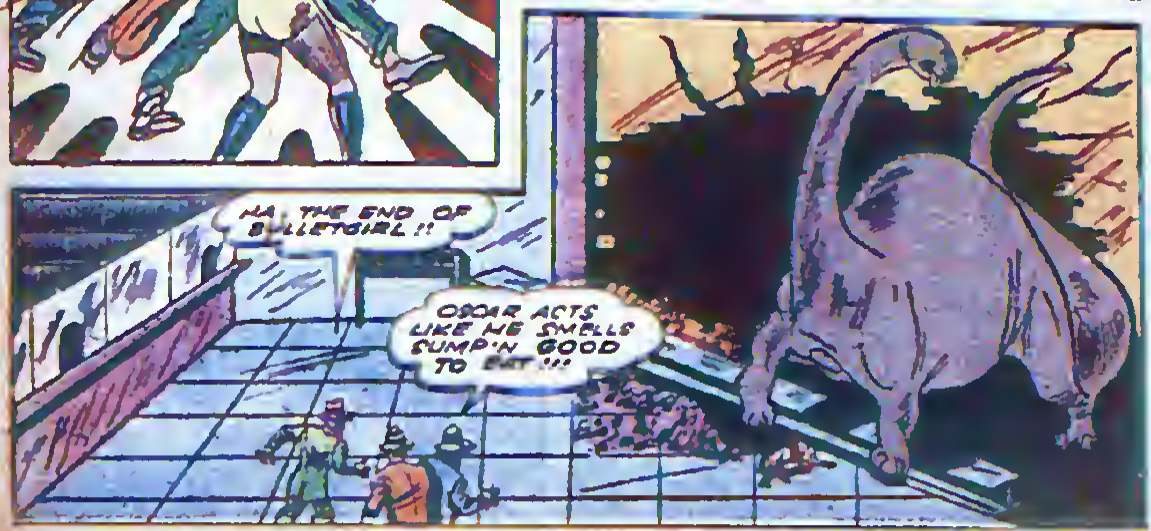
IN WE GO, BOYS!! RUN RIGHT OUT THE SIDE DOOR QUICK SO WE AIN'T INSIDE WHEN OSCAR BRINGS THE HOUSE DOWN!!
WHY BE SATISFIED WIT 'A BANK, BOSS?- LET'S TAKE DE WHOLE TOWN!!
EEEEEEEOW!! IT'S ALIVE!! HALP! POLICE!!!
FIFTH NA ONA

RUN!! HE'S RIGHT BEHIND US!!
WHAT'S YOUR HURRY, BOYS?

OMIGOSH!! BULLETGIRL! DON'T STOP US NOW!!
EEEK!! MAKE HER GET OUTA DE WAY!!
YOU MAKE ME, SONNY BOY!!

NO! WAIT!! OWWWW!!!
I NEVER POSTPONE A PLEASURE LIKE THIS!!

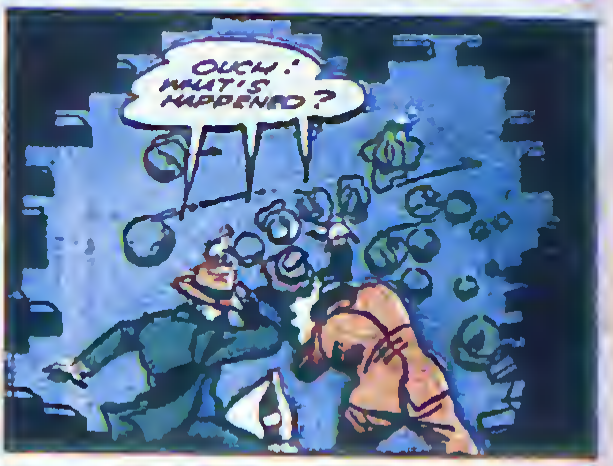

IT'S OSCAR!! RUN FOR YOUR LIVES!!!


HA! THE END OF BULLETGIRL!!
OSCAR ACTS LIKE HE SMELLS SUMP'N GOOD TO EAT!!!

COME AND GET IT, OLD BOY
LOOK! OSCAR'S CHASING THAT TRUCK FULL OF CABBAGE!! NOW'S OUR CHANCE TO CLEAN OUT THE VAULTS!!

AROUND THE CORNER THEY GO... TO THE REAR OF THE BANK...
I'M GOING TO FEED YOU LATER... BUT FIRST YOU'LL HAVE TO EARN YOUR DINNER!

BUT BACK TO OUR WOULD-BE BANK ROBBERS...
BOY OH BOY... WHAT A HAUL! I SURE HOPE WE GET OSCAR BACK AGAIN...


OUCH! WHAT'S HAPPENED?

GO AND GET IT... MONSTROUS!

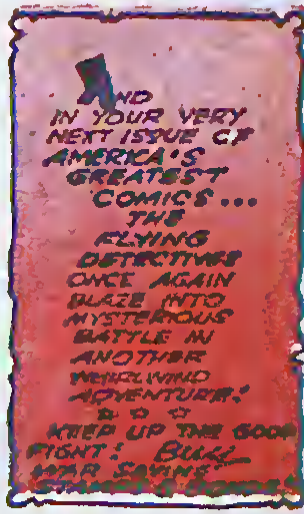
YOUCH !!

BULLETMAN AND BULLETGIRL AS USUAL, THEY'VE GOT THE SITUATION UNDER CONTROL
HERE YOU ARE, BOYS! BOMB RATS FOR YOUR CAGE !!
BULLETGIRL REVIVES TO JOIN IN THE CAPTURE!

LOOKS LIKE THIS CASE IS ALL CLEANED UP!!
IT WILL BE WHEN BLACKIE AND HIS STOOGES ARE SENTENCED !!
DAILY VOICE
COUNTRY HAILS PROF. EDEN!! MONSTERS TO BE SET FREE ON ROCK ISLAND FOR SCIENTIFIC STUDY!!

HMM- I THINK THE PUNISHMENT SHOULD FIT THE CRIME ...

SO I SENTENCE YOU EACH TO TEN YEARS ON ROCK ISLAND - FEEDING AND CARING FOR THE "TREASURE" WHICH YOU WERE SO KEEN TO OWN!!


AND IN YOUR VERY NEXT ISSUE OF AMERICA'S GREATEST COMICS... THE FLYING DETECTIVES ONCE AGAIN BLAZE INTO MYSTEROUS BATTLE IN ANOTHER WHIRLWIND ADVENTURE!
KEEP UP THE GOOD FIGHT! BULL-MAN SAYING

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Many make $5, $10 a week EXTRA MONEY fixing Radios in spare time while learning. Many are opening their own shops . . making $30, $40, $50 a week. Others take good pay jobs as Radio Technicians and Operators with Radio Stations, Manufacturers, Aviation, Police, Com-, Government Radio and Public Address . I give you the Radio knowledge you for jobs in these fields. Mail the Coupon!

Extra Money Job Sheets Help Many Make $5, $10 a Week Extra

"to to Method"—half building circuits, experi- with Radio parts I furnish, half studying my interesting, illustrated lessons—makes learning Radio at home interesting and exciting. I give you Radio parts and instruments for building real circuits. I show you how to conduct practical, fascinating experiments. I send you EXTRA MONEY JOB SHEETS that show how to earn while you learn.

Jobs Like These Go to Many Men I Train

The Radio repair business is booming, because there are Radios everywhere. Radio Stations employ many Radio Technicians, Operators, Radio Manufacturers, busy filling millions of dollars of Government orders, need trained men. Hundreds of Radio Operators and Technicians are needed for good Civilian jobs with the Government. There is a shortage of good Radio Technicians in other Radio fields. And think of the NEW jobs that Television, Frequency Modulation, etc. will open after the war!

Mail Coupon for My Valuable Book "Rich Rewards in Radio" . . . It's FREE

If you're in a rut—discouraged with your present job, unsatisfied because your job has no future—mail the coupon! I'll send you FREE my 64-page illustrated book. It shows you letters and photographs of men I trained describing the many fascinating Radio jobs and tells how YOU can train at home. No obligation. Just mail the Coupon at once.

J. E. SMITH, President
Dept. 1AH8
National Radio Institute
Washington, D. C.

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Men likely to go into military service, including reserves, should find the "Home" Learning Radio helps now get extra pay, promotion, more interesting duties. MUCH EXTRA PAY. Hundreds now in service are N.R.I. men. Also prepares for good Radio jobs, after war.

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National Radio Institute, Washington, D. C.

Mail me FREE, without obligation, your 64-page book, "Rich Rewards in Radio." (No salesman will call. Write plainly.)

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LOOK, FELLAS--

MY FAVORITE MAGAZINE

YEP, that's right, boys—it's MECHANIX ILLUSTRATED, the biggest and best magazine bargain on the newsstands today!

What I like about MI is that it's a real he-man magazine, not something for sissies! And if you're the kind of fellows I think you are, you'll agree with me one hundred percent.

MECHANIX ILLUSTRATED has just about everything. There are swell pages for the hobby fans, scores of projects for you to build in your workshop, a complete photography section in every issue, a section devoted to patents and inventions, a department for the lads who are studying shopwork in their schools, hundreds of photographs of the latest scientific and mechanical discoveries, a department specializing in war news and inventions, the latest developments in aviation and, better still, a feature section that seems to beat the tar out of the other magazines when it comes to giving you something new, adventurous and exciting.

But here's another reason why I like MI—you get your money's worth! Every month you get 124 pages—think of it!—of real meaty reading matter, and at a cost of only 10¢!

So, take my advice, fellas, and if it's a magazine bargain you want, then get a copy of MECHANIX ILLUSTRATED today! You'll never stop thanking me for telling you about it.

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